PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 1 - 193

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 226 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 913
MR. ROOSEVELT DRIVES AHEAD 916
THE HOURS OF LABOUR 917
A WEEKLY DIARY. By Bertrand Russell. . . 918
THIS ENGLAND 919
CREDIT WITH HONESTY. By D. W. Young . . 919
MORE VITAL AFFINITIES. By E. L. Grant Watson 920
CORRESPONDENCE 921
From Sir Leo Chiozza Money; Prof. R. H. Tawney; G. L. Barber; Joseph Waldmann; Sir Philip Gibbs; E. F. Carritt; J. L. Henderson; A. H. E. Marshall; E. R. Wilson; W. G. Hynard; J. Steinberg; A. Emil Davies.
NOSTALGIE DE LA BOUE. By Critic 925
SOLILOQUY OF A CIVIL SERVANT. By John Macomish 926
TOSCANINI. By W. J. Turner 926
THE POET AS DRAMATIST. By John Pudney . Page 927
PLAYS AND PICTURES 928
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 929
REVIEWS:
Rilke in English. By G. W. Stonier . . . 930
New Novels. By Cyril Connolly 931
Proxime Accessit. By L. B. Namier . . . 932
The Minoans. By Raymond Mortimer . . 934
Democracy. By H. J. Laski 936
Mr. Justice Avory's Cases. By Ivor Thomas . 936
The Pacific. By Guy Francis 938
SHORTER NOTICES 940
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 940
CROSSWORD 944
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 946

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IT is not surprising that the Germans are jubilant over their naval agreement with Great Britain. They have got away with their big navy plans far more easily than they could have expected. And they have achieved this not with any "brutal gesture" such as that with which Herr Hitler announced his conscript army of half-a-million, but in a most respectable fashion—by a fraternal arrangement with the Mistress of the Seas. Germany is now licensed to build a fleet up to 35 per cent. of our total strength, and in submarines up to 45 per cent. of the British submarine tonnage. She may even exceed that 45 per cent., after consulting with us, if she considers that a situation has arisen which makes it necessary. Apart from this, Germany pledges herself to adhere to the ratio of 35 : 100 in all circumstances. "The ratio," it is declared, "will not be affected by the construction of other Powers"—though that undertaking is qualified by the following sentence, which says that in the event of "abnormal and exceptional" building by other Powers, Germany may invite us to examine the new situation thus created."

Fears of the Naval Agreement

The agreement has been greeted with a great show of satisfaction in this country. In France, Russia, Poland, and other places where there is a less trustful view of Hitler it has roused apprehension and anger. "Perfide Albion" is accused once more of betraying its friends and of deliberately conniving at treaty violation. The fears of the French may be exaggerated, but their criticism cannot, it seems to us, be pooh-poohed as merely "legalistic." The British Government's complaisance to Hitler looks ominous to many people here as well as on the other side of the Channel. It involves grave risks, and the only practical ground on which it can be justified is that the alternative would be worse: Germany would in fact go on with her naval building whether we liked it or not, whereas now she agrees to keep it within defined limits. She will even, the optimists think, be put into such a good temper that she will soon be back in the League of Nations. Will she? Or will Hitler and his friends take advantage of the gains they have got to get more, and, encouraged by British patronage, continue the pursuit of their sinister policy at home and abroad? Mr. Eden, who has gone to Paris, will find it difficult to dissipate continental fears on that head. But he should at least make it clear that Great Britain is not abandoning the idea of a "united front" (and a stronger one than exists at present) for the maintenance of peace.

"Easing the Tension"

The Nanking Government have "eased the tension in China," as the reports so soothingly put it, by further concessions to Japanese demands. They have dismissed

General Sung Cheh-yuang from his command in Chahar, and agreed to the withdrawal of Chinese troops from the province. Chahar, like Hopei, is now effectively under the thumb of Japan, and there will doubtless be more to follow before long. Meanwhile the world is deluged with ridiculous statements from Tokio that the Japanese army is doing nothing out of the ordinary (perhaps, indeed, it is not—by Japanese standards of ordinariness), and with denials that this eating up of China is a contravention of the Nine Power Treaty, which guaranteed China's independence and integrity, and of which Japan was one of the signatories. The British Government is naturally concerned over these " disquieting events," as Sir Samuel Hoare calls them, and so, we gather, is the United States Government. But reports from Washington and New York do not suggest any enthusiasm for Anglo-American co-operation in stemming—except possibly by polite verbal protests—the advance of Japan. Presently, when that advance has reached the Yangtse, both we and the Americans may be driven by the threat to our interests to take it seriously. And then what are we going to do?

The German Church

There seems to be an impression here that the German Government and the Nazis have toned down the harshness of their anti-church policy, but this is certainly not borne out by the documents that have been published since the Augsburg Synod of the Confessional Church. Most important of these is an address to the State which, after affirming the principle of regular judicial proceedings, calls attention to the many forms of barbarous treatment to which ministers of the Church are being subjected. These include " deportations and prohibitions of speech, by bans on the press and on public meetings, imposed by the most various authorities," as well as interference with the regular sermon. The Synod pleads that the fulfilment of the Church's mission is being made impossible, while all discussions of ecclesiastical questions is at an end. The Synod also issued a pastoral letter to Confessional congregations, with instructions to pastors who are being impeded in the discharge of their duties, and we can make a guess as to the atmosphere in which the Church is carrying on from the fact that the public reading of this letter by the Bishop of Hanover and by a church leader in Berlin is given as an item of important news. The release of twenty-two pastors from concentration camps came as a result of complaints from Augsburg. Organised resistance is the one thing that tells.

The Special Areas

Mr. P. M. Stewart's account of the steps that he has taken so far to assist the distressed areas—apart from schemes of land settlement, which were described in a previous report—confirm our view that, useful as many of these schemes undoubtedly are, they cannot by any stretch of imagination be regarded as making a major contribution to the solutions of the problem. What Mr. Stewart has been doing—quite rightly, so far as it goes—is to give a little extra help to the local authorities in the distressed areas for maintaining the standard of their health services, providing swimming-baths, clearing derelict factory sites, and so on. He now announces that he is prepared to make grants for the provision or renovation or extension of hospitals; and a single new hospital in Glamorgan accounts for £200,000 out of the £800,000 which is the total estimated cost of all the schemes so far approved under all the heads mentioned above. He will help schemes for reducing maternal mortality and establishing child-welfare centres—again quite excellent things. Evidently Mr. Stewart is doing his best in his small way, and is quite anxious to get local authorities to put forward schemes which the Treasury will allow him to assist. But, when all is said and done, what does it amount to? A few poultices on the sores; for assuredly all the help Mr. Stewart can give will not bring local services in the distressed areas within measurable distance of the level they would have reached without his help if they had been even as prosperous as the rest of the country. We hope it is true that the Government is contemplating fresh measures on a more ambitious scale.

The Arms Commission

Dr. Addison gave important evidence given on Wednesday to the Royal Commission. He showed that on the one occasion when arms firms were called upon to justify their boast that they could expand to fulfil any demand the country might make of them, they were a tragic failure. Various members of the Commission expressed satisfaction at hearing from the former Minister of Munitions cold facts and not merely suppositions and suggestions based on inference. But it should be remembered that it is only because the war, the one time of trial that the private armament firms have had, exposed their incompetence, that someone like Dr. Addison was placed in a position where he could ascertain the facts. If the Commission wishes to know whether the armament firms are still as inefficient as they were during the war, they will have to investigate for themselves. The present condition of the armament firms is only known to the armament directors and to the high officials in the Service Departments. It was these officials who were responsible for maintaining the system of dependence on private manufacturers in pre-war days, and who in the opening years of the war opposed the plans of the Ministry of Munitions to give armament contracts outside the sacred ring of the pre-war arms merchants. The Commission will be well advised not to accept at their face value the statements of the Service officials who are likely to come out in favour of private manufacture. However unbiased the heads of the Service Departments may attempt to be, they must in some measure be influenced in favour of an institution which provides them and their friends and relatives with positions on retirement.

Progress in Education

In the debate on the Education Estimates on Monday Mr. Ramsbotham boasted of the progress that had been made during the past year. Progress no doubt there has been, but it has been deplorably slow, and we hope that Mr. Oliver Stanley, the new Minister, is going to speed it up. The Board appears to be stirring itself on one or two points. It is sanctioning more nursery schools, though not with any marked enthusiasm—to judge from Mr. Ramsbotham's observation that " the Board had no desire to discourage nursery schools." It is also taking a more serious interest in the methods of physical training. But there are big reforms which are long overdue—the provision of new school buildings, for instance, and an increase in the number of teachers. Something like

40 per cent. of the classes in the elementary schools still contain forty or more children. And what about the school-leaving age? "Public opinion," said the *Times* the other day, "is moving towards a raising of the age to fifteen." That is meiosis indeed! Public opinion long ago moved so far; it is the Government which has stayed put. The matter is urgent; the school age ought to be raised without delay, alike on educational grounds and for the help it would give in diminishing the volume, and the demoralising effects, of unemployment.

The I.L.O.

The International Labour Conference at Geneva has not spent quite all its time wrangling about the forty hours week. It has also found occasion to receive a very interesting report on the effects of public works policy as a means of reducing unemployment, and to discuss the relations between under-nourishment and the present difficulties of the agricultural countries. On the former question Mr. Bulter in his report came down strongly on the side of public works; and he was powerfully backed by the Swedish Government delegate with an account of the very successful public-works policy which has been the means of greatly reducing Swedish unemployment during the past two or three years. On the question of under-nourishment, it was pointed out by the Australian, New Zealand, and American delegates that the problems of the agricultural countries would be largely solved if the standards of nutrition in the importing countries could be raised to a reasonable level; and the Conference decided to ask the League of Nations to join with it in an international inquiry into the present standards of food consumption, from the standpoint of their nutritive value and the methods of improving the food value of agricultural production. On the question of hours of labour, the committee to which it has been referred adopted a draft resolution providing for the maintenance of weekly and yearly incomes in face of the reduced hours, and for the establishment in each country of State machinery for arbitrating on these matters when they could not be settled by direct negotiation between employers' and workers' representatives.

Towards a National Investment Board?

Forty millions, raised with the Treasury's guarantee, are to be spent in the near future on the improvement of London transport. It is apparently proposed to raise this money in a peculiar way—by forming a new holding company to raise the loan, with the Treasury's guarantee, and then to lend it to the London Passenger Transport Board, the L.N.E.R., and the G.W.R., which will pay a fixed interest to the new company. This development is interesting. It appears to take from Socialist and Radical sources some part of the idea of a National Investment Board, authorised to borrow money from the public and re-lend it to enterprises in accordance with some sort of rudimentary conception of an economic plan. What is clearly of importance is that the new "company" formed for this purpose shall be definitely a public body, subject to public control of policy, and not a subsidiary of the private banking and financial concerns. The £40,000,000 now to be arranged for will not all be raised at once, but only as it comes to be needed over the next few years. Before it has all been raised there will probably be other applicants; the Southern Railway is said to be contemplating further developments of electrified services, including the main line to Portsmouth, as well as other lines to the Sussex coast. In the £40,000,000 the Southern Railway will not share. Seventy per cent. of it is for the L.P.T.B., 25 per cent. for the L.N.E.R., and a mere 5 per cent. for the Great Western.

Great Britain and the Steel Cartel

The British iron and steel industry has now definitely come to terms with the Continental Steel Cartel—terms exceedingly favourable to the British producers. In an agreement which is to run for at least three years, and for five unless it is specially denounced, the Cartel accepts a drastic limitation upon its exports of steel to Great Britain, and at the same time gives the British exporters the same proportion of the "neutral" market as they held in 1934. These concessions, which are very great compared with the Cartel's initial claims, have been secured by brandishing in the faces of the continental producers the threat of a prohibitively high tariff on imports into Great Britain. They can thus be claimed as a resounding success for the policy of the "bargaining" tariff; for we actually imposed the higher duties and then withdrew them when the Cartel indicated its preparedness to give way. Obviously the new agreement places the British producers in a very strong position, by rendering them practically immune from the fear of competition in the home market. The danger is that they may use this power to the disadvantage of the home consumers, if not by raising prices at any rate by not reducing them in proportion to falling costs. As for the continental producers, they are bound to be ill-content at being driven to make the best of a bad job. The Belgians in particular will find it very difficult to keep their steel industry at work in face of the drastic limitation in their exports to this country.

Hope for Mooney

After spending eighteen years in San Quentin jail the most famous of American prisoners may now for the first time entertain a hope of release. The Supreme Court of California has issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, so that Tom Mooney has at last an opportunity of presenting in court the evidence which has been taken to prove beyond all doubt that the testimony upon which he was convicted of murder in connection with a bomb explosion was forged. The outrage was committed at San Francisco in 1916. Within a few months of the trial the publication of documents by Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Call*, started an agitation for release or a new trial; a special commission appointed by President Wilson was satisfied by the evidence; confessions by persons in the case carried it still further, and a definite statement by the trial judge added a finishing touch. The State Courts, however, would not act, successive Governors refused release or pardon, and there has hitherto been no issue for the Supreme Court in Washington. The serious obstacle now is the condition of public feeling in California. The anti-Red hysteria has raged afresh since the so-called general strike in San Francisco last summer. Mooney is still in danger of a political decision in the Court.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

MR. ROOSEVELT DRIVES AHEAD

A REMARKABLE change has come over the Washington scene. On May 27th the Supreme Court judgment in the Schechter case demolished the structure of the National Recovery Administration. There could be no doubt whatever about that, since the nine Justices were unanimous on eighteen points. They found that Congress had exceeded its powers in delegating authority to the President, and that no material portion of the N.R.A. could be harmonised with the letter of the Constitution. Congress and the public thereupon concluded that the Supreme Court had destroyed not only the N.R.A. and its Codes, but the whole of the Roosevelt New Deal; and it was quite evident that under the shock of disaster the President agreed with this view. He spoke as though his whole recovery programme had been wiped out. And yet to-day, one month before the adjournment of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt is showing an entirely different front. He knows that the Supreme Court has outlined for him the greatest national issue since that of Union and slavery which made the Civil War, and in that knowledge he is displaying once more his astonishing gift of political leadership. He is acting as though he were again in complete command.

Several times since he originated his many-sided policy Mr. Roosevelt has been aided by the national emergency. So it has happened within the past ten days. The National Industrial Recovery Act expired on June 16th. Manifestly it could not be allowed merely to lapse, while the country was left without federal authority to deal with a welter of new government departments from which the supports had been knocked away. The continuance of the Recovery Act in skeleton form was a necessity that could not be argued against, and this necessity provided the President with his first fresh opportunity. The immediate difficulty has been solved by a resolution of Congress extending the life of the structural framework of the Act until April 1st, 1936. The code-making power, of course, has gone. The federal power of enforcement was never more than a shadow, and it disappeared on the morrow of the Schechter judgment. What remains, by virtue of the Congress resolution, is a formal sanction for such regulating Codes as can be put upon a voluntary basis, and, at least until next April, the congeries of administrative departments created by the Acts of the first Roosevelt year. Chief among these are the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, which last controls the machinery for distribution, on a stupendous scale, of funds for relief and work-relief. There are in addition an unnumbered list of alphabetical agencies for carrying out the subsidiary activities of the New Deal. All alike must exist henceforward with a tenuous hold on life.

The President nevertheless is driving straight forward. He is exercising a determined pressure upon Congress as though there were nothing in the Supreme Court to imperil the measures of social reconstruction which he has marked for passage this year. He has thrown his whole weight behind the Wagner Labour Bill, which embodies a plan of industrial conciliation with the full establishment of collective bargaining. He is uncompromising in his stand against all those holding companies in the field of public utilities which cannot prove their specific usefulness. He is completely identified with the Social Security Bill, designed as the beginning of a system of industrial insurance and old-age pensions. And he has been forced by the imminent danger of industrial war to make a daring effort towards peace in the most anarchic of all American industries. The scrapping of the Codes brought the threat of a great strike in the soft-coal industry, involving 450,000 miners. This calamity was averted a week ago by the President's personal intervention, and his plan for peace in the coal industry is represented by the Guffey Bill. It provides for a National Commission for partial public control, and it empowers the Government to purchase sub-marginal coal-bearing land in order to keep it out of production. Here, obviously, is the sharpest temptation for the interests that are relying upon the Supreme Court to uphold the privileges of the States against the central authority. From Pennsylvania to Colorado the bituminous coalfields are potential theatres of war. If they can be regulated from Washington a notable victory will have been won.

It is plain enough, however, that neither Big Business nor the politicians have as yet awakened to the revolutionary significance of the Supreme Court's decision. The most essential point is that it has no relevance to the governing facts of our age. As Professor Laski puts it: "The economic conditions will not adapt themselves to the Constitution; the Constitution will have to adapt itself to economic conditions," and no party will be able to fight for the retention of a system so patently out of accord with the necessities of the time. The gravest thing in the Schechter judgment is not the censure upon Congress for delegating excessive powers to the President. It is the denial to the Federal Government of all power to establish national labour standards, and by implication the denial of power to create a fabric of social services such as those foreshadowed in the President's unfulfilled programme. A modern democracy, of course, must insist upon full self-government, in a great federal system no less than in a small unitary State; and Professor Laski is clearly right in drawing the inference that Mr. Roosevelt has seen the qualities of the positive State to be "written into the inescapable logic of the event." In other words, with the powerful assistance of the Supreme Court he has made revision of the Constitution an issue of the next presidential contest.

It is upon this bewildering scene, as it presented itself just before the transformation wrought by the Schechter judgment, that the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells is playing in the brilliant example of his combined analysis and evangelism published this week.* Mr. Wells allows us to see that he is greatly troubled by the contrasts of Rooseveltian America, 1934 and 1935. So recently as a year ago he was not only thrilled but immensely encouraged by the New Deal and its author. He felt sure that "America was about to be made over, with its eyes open, into a more rational social order." Mr. Wells believes in planning and in private property, and here, as it seemed to him, in a deliberately replanned America, with "a ready, sympathetic, intelligent and willing people," was his vision of not impossible things actually

* The New America: The New World. By H. G. Wells. *Cresset Press*, 2s. 6d.

taking shape. Mr. Roosevelt had impressed him as the one democratic statesman of genius alive and in high office. But, alas, on his recent visit it seemed to Mr. Wells that the President had the air of an "unhurried, slightly detached gentleman . . . listening to the voice of America and waiting serenely for an occasion." The power and purpose appeared to have gone out of Washington. The American atmosphere had been invaded by the "raucous voices" of Father Coughlin and Senator Huey Long; and when Mr. Wells wanted to learn what America was actually doing in the face of these "vast new achievements" which were materially possible and ought to be inspiring the whole American people, he was met by numerous "inexplicit men" who could not tell him whither America was going. Their inability to do so was, as Mr. Wells implies in an eloquent passage, one more illustration of the complete dependence of the American nation upon the President's initiative. There is no party leadership, and no effective opposition in Congress. Hence, especially in times of emergency, the lead can come only from the President himself. Once again Mr. Roosevelt has given it, and this time in a Message to Congress urging a general increase of taxation. The President's declaration has the ring of his earlier pronouncements. He is convinced that the time has come for heavier taxation on large personal incomes, on inheritance, and on great business concerns. "Vast concentrations of capital," he says, "should be ready to carry burdens commensurate with their powers and advantages." A more appropriate word than "ready" in this connection could easily be thought of, but if the Message means anything it means that Mr. Roosevelt has moved to the Left.

THE HOURS OF LABOUR

THIS year's International Labour Conference at Geneva has spent most of its time wrangling over the proposed maximum week of forty hours. At first sight there is something of paradox in the I.L.O., after failing to get the nations' assent to the Forty-eight Hours Convention of 1919, now trying to secure acceptance for a Forty Hours Convention. If the leading industrial countries have for the past fifteen years steadily refused to limit working hours by law to forty-eight a week, what chance is there of their agreeing now to a far more drastic limitation? The answer must be that there is at present no chance and that a Forty Hours Convention is about as likely to secure acceptance as a Convention providing for general disarmament. Everyone knows this; yet, when it comes to voting, there is a majority in favour of some sort of Convention despite the nearly solid opposition of the employers' delegates, who have gone so far this year as to boycott the discussion of the project.

It may be asked whether it is really worth while to go on talking at all, in face of the sheer impracticability of securing agreement. The same question confronted the Disarmament Conference, which finally gave up in despair, despite Mr. Henderson's efforts to hold it together. But Mr. Butler, the Director of the I.L.O., is not quite so unfavourably placed as Mr. Henderson was. The International Labour Conference meets only for a fairly short session, and then disbands. It does not have to go on sitting until it reaches agreement, or else break up in despair. It can make a draft Convention and secure a majority vote in its favour, even if there is for the present little chance of its terms being implemented. Nor is the drawing up of a Convention wasted labour. It compels the delegates of the various States and groups to face up to the real difficulties, and sets before them methods of tackling these difficulties, when it is decided to tackle them at all. It gives those who are pressing in each country for national labour legislation something definite to work for, and helps to provide a basis for their propagandist appeals. And finally it keeps the I.L.O. itself in the public eye, at a time when it stands little enough chance of making practical progress in any direction of social or industrial reform.

This may seem a lame defence. But there is in almost every country a strong feeling, by no means confined to the Trade Unions, that the time has come for a further reduction of the hours of labour. The prevalence of unemployment which shows no sign of being soon absorbed works in with the known facts of greatly increased productivity due to mechanisation to make this matter seem urgent. It is clear that the world could produce all it seems likely to allow itself to consume without calling on its working population to labour for more, at most, than forty hours a week. Shorter hours seem one of the most obvious ways of finding work for the unemployed, especially if they are introduced in many industries in connection with a two-shift system that will allow the machines to do double work. If all the leading countries could but be induced to act together, it seems as if the forty-hour working week would help a good deal to lift the world out of its present troubles.

But will all the leading countries agree; and, if they would, what lines would their agreement follow? To the first question the answer is that plainly all will not. Germany will not, nor Japan; and the power of the United States to take any action is very doubtful in face of the attitude of the Supreme Court. The British Government, egged on by the British employers, has shown itself strongly hostile; and in nearly every country the employers can be relied upon to repeat against the proposal the same arguments as they have used against every limitation of the hours of labour since the first Factory Act of the nineteenth century. It is true that Fascist Italy is favourable, employers and all; but that only brings us to the second question. On what would the nations agree—as many of them as are prepared to agree at all?

The workers' group at Geneva is demanding a Convention designed to reduce working hours without any reductions in wages. But is this what the Italians mean—or even the French? Does not the attraction of the proposal for those Governments which endorse it come from the hope that it will help to relieve the pressure of unemployment on public funds by enabling employers to share out the existing wages among a larger number of workers? Work-sharing, it is hardly necessary to point out, is a very different matter from reduction of working hours without loss of purchasing power to the individual worker. In particular trades it has long been familiar under the name of "short time"; and while it may have advantages in meeting short-lived fluctuations, there is a great deal to be said against it in the forms in which it has been practised hitherto. Certainly any proposal to introduce it generally in this country would be opposed by the Trade Unions, which would have on this point the almost solid backing of the economists.

If "work-sharing" is to be made acceptable in any industry, it must, in order to avoid an undue rise in operating costs, be accompanied by a shift system—probably in most cases of two shifts rather than three. It must further safeguard the standard of living of the workers affected, by preserving their time-rates of wages and adjusting piece-rates so that earnings do not fall with the reduction of working hours. But will the economies of the two-shift system be enough to make this practicable, unless all or most of the leading countries follow the same policy in respect of wages? In some industries, where labour cost is a relatively small part of the total cost of production and shorter hours offer the chance of materially increasing hourly output, the answer may be "yes"; and there are other trades, not greatly exposed to international competition, which could afford to make the change even if it resulted in some rise in total costs. But clearly these conditions cannot be generalised over all industries; and, especially in the basic industries which are most highly competitive, there

is not much hope of making big progress without some measure of international agreement.

The attitude of the British Government up to the present has been to deny the case for any general Convention or legislation applying to industry as a whole, and to urge that the question shall be tackled, if at all, only in each separate industry. The I.L.O., in framing the agenda for this year's Conference, went some way towards meeting this claim, by scheduling certain industries, including public works and coal-mining, for early and special consideration. The workers' group, by a majority of the whole Conference, carried its point that the draft Convention should open with a declaration applying in principle to all industries, even if in the first instance it was to prescribe actual conditions for only a few; but this victory was won only in face of the opposition of the employers' group and against the hostile vote of the British Government delegate.

In fact, though conditions differ enough from one industry to another to make it needful for any workable Convention to admit variations from case to case, the method of tackling each industry separately is most unlikely to yield useful results. The force of the forty-hours proposal lies above all in the simplicity of its appeal; and this will be lost if the question is considered only in relation to the peculiar circumstances of each separate trade. There is little hope of getting an international Convention accepted and ratified by the various countries in either case; and that being so the best service the I.L.O. can render at present is to put the principle at issue plainly before the public opinion of the world, and so get up steam behind the movement for shorter working hours in each separate country.

As for Great Britain, there is clearly no chance of anything effective being done as long as the present Government remains in power. What could a Labour Government do? It could hardly, under existing conditions, simply make forty hours the maximum for any trade, irrespective of any action by other countries. It could, however, at once adopt and enforce the Forty-eight Hours Convention of 1919; and it could, starting from this point, take power to enforce a lower maximum in any trade after special inquiry. It could then set on foot investigations into the practicability of the two-shift system and its effects on operating costs; and it could introduce the forty-hour maximum wherever the evidence showed shift working to be financially practicable. It could further adopt the forty-hour week in all public services and for all public works, including those executed through contractors. In that way, it would considerably strengthen the bargaining position of the Trade Unions, and perhaps even help the I.L.O. to secure acceptance for a workable international Convention.

In fact, it could do something; whereas at present nothing at all is done. The world, through international competition and mutual distrust, is missing the opportunity of either enlarging men's leisure or adding to their wealth; for a longer working week under existing conditions means for the world not more production, but more unemployed. This situation is intolerably foolish; and the I.L.O.'s discussions are worth something even if they do no more than bring the folly home to men's minds. That they can just now achieve more than this we have not much hope; for the same causes as are paralysing the League paralyse the I.L.O. as well. But as the League is worth saving for what we hope from it in the future, so is the I.L.O.; and we can save it with less qualms, because it can afford better than the League to mark time for a while.

A WEEKLY DIARY

ONE of the most interesting things that have happened during the past week is Mr. Lloyd George's discovery that, as stated in a manifesto signed by him and many others, "war is contrary to the mind of Christ, and is contrary to human brotherhood." It would be interesting to know when he first read the Gospels. Obviously he was still unacquainted with them during the years of the Great War, since at that time he was putting people in prison for stating what he now himself affirms about the Founder of the Christian religion. A Chinese examination paper once set the following subject for an essay: "When the philosopher Mo-Ti taught that war is wicked, Chinese soldiers laid down their arms. The same doctrine is taught by the Christian churches, but has not had the same effect in Christian countries. Explain this." I wish Mr. Lloyd George could be induced to write that essay.

* * *

War-mongers who find the Gospels discouraging may find matter more to their liking in Plato's *Republic*, which I have been re-reading in a search for the origins of Fascism. The style, and the air of moral and intellectual elevation, have blinded people to what is bad in the substance of this book. After explaining that dramatists ought only to introduce virtuous characters, Plato comes to music. He condemns the mixed Lydian and Hyperlydian modes as "useless even to women that are to be virtuously given," and the Ionian and the Lydian, "which are called lax"; he will have only "that particular harmony which will suitably represent the tones and accents of a brave man engaged in a feat of arms, or in any violent operation." If Plato's views had prevailed, we should have no music but *Rule, Britannia*, *The British Grenadiers*, and the like. Everything, in the *Republic*, is subordinated to military considerations. The young are to be taught that the life after death is pleasant, not because Plato knows of any reason for supposing this true, but in order that soldiers may not be afraid of dying in battle. And to make soldiers content with low pay, "we must tell them that they are in perpetual possession of a divine species of the precious metals placed in their souls by the gods themselves, and therefore have no need of the earthly ore." And this man has the effrontery to object to Homer as a liar!

* * *

The modernisation of Turkey proceeds with bewildering rapidity. Not content with abolishing polygamy and the Caliphate, the Turks have now forbidden clerical dress among both Christians and Mohammedans. It is amusing to learn that the Greek priests are "all dressed alike in double-breasted suits, ties, and Homburg hats." One wonders how long they will be allowed to go on wearing this new uniform. A hundred years hence, presumably, it will have become as distinctive as the clothes they have discarded. Academic cap and gown, barristers' wigs and peers' robes are survivals of what was, at one time or another, normal apparel. The Turkish Government, if its intentions are not to be defeated, will have to decree that priests must dress in the height of fashion, and that their costume must be approved by a panel of tailors. And how about the nuns, who have just adopted black coats and skirts? Will they be allowed to go on wearing these when all other Turkish women have gone back to trousers?

* * *

Events in China have developed faster than was expected even by those who have closely followed Japanese aggression in Manchuria. All patriotic Chinese are having to fly from Peking, where Japanese aeroplanes preserve "calm" in the population. For the moment, no one in China except the Communists in the inland provinces can stand out against Japan. But I am convinced that a hundred years hence China will be flourishing and Japan will be ruined. The Chinese can be temporarily subdued, but not permanently overcome. They were defeated in war by the Mongols and Manchus, but their civilisation conquered the conquerors. The Tao Tê Ching (according to Mr. Waley's translation) says: "The greatest conqueror wins without joining issue; the best user of men acts as though he were their inferior. This is called the power that comes of not contending." For over two thousand years China prospered, to a large extent by non-resistance; but whether this method can be successfully employed against industrialism and aeroplanes remains to be seen.

As regards earthquakes, your correspondent, Lady O'Conor, points out very justly that I had overestimated the rationality of the West in my remarks a fortnight ago. Nevertheless, few Europeans in recent times would commit themselves to the view that this or that specific sin had caused the visitation. I know that there were Scottish ministers who attributed the wet summer of 1915 to the fact that the Government had encouraged work on Sunday in connection with the war, but the Government was able to disregard them. In 1580, on the contrary, when there was an earthquake in England, a prayer was ordered to be said in all parish churches to prevent another. I agree that "irrationality is one of the root causes of all our troubles," but its powerful forms are different from those that dominated the Middle Ages, and have much less connection with traditional theology.

* * *

Anti-rationalism, which is not quite the same thing as irrationality, is growing even in science. Take, as an example, Schrödinger's recent popular book, *Science and the Human Temperament*. The very title marks a change; formerly, scientific pundits would not admit that they had a "temperament." And the table of contents is equally disconcerting. The first essay is called "Science, Art and Play," and it tells us that science and art are both forms of play, though the scientist's games happen to be sometimes useful to other people. The second essay, "The Law of Chance," tells us that all regularity is a result of multitudes of purely haphazard occurrences; the third, "Indeterminism in Physics," puts an end to the "reign of law" which has dominated thought since Newton. Then comes an essay on "Is Science a Fashion of the Times?" In this essay we are told that "the internationality of science is a very fine and inspiring thing," but it is like the internationality of sport. "It would be useless," says Schrödinger, "for some athlete in the world of sport to puzzle his brain in order to initiate something new—for he would have little or no hope of being able to 'put it over.'" And in like manner it is useless for a man of science to have ideas that do not belong to the games played by the scientific men of his time; of such unfruitful though right ideas he gives some striking examples.

All this is admirable as an abdication of the pontifical character which some men of science used to assume, and which a large part of the public was willing to concede to them. But it has another side, which is more ominous. In the decay of old certainties, science seemed to stand fast as something solid and universal and objective. We have become accustomed to the idea that newspapers, and most modern books, contain chiefly excited propaganda—one can believe the cricket scores and the stock exchange quotations, but little else. Science, however, seemed to stand outside this welter of contending collective passions, and equally outside the purely personal self-expression of some modern artists. Now the men of science themselves come along and tell us not to derive illusory comfort from the notion that what they tell us is the truth and nothing but the truth. If this view is generally accepted, the opponents of reason will be greatly strengthened, not only in intellectual matters, but in the practical sphere also.

I think, however, that some scientists have allowed themselves to be unduly affected by the atmosphere in politics and art and literature. The world has become more staccato than it used to be, and the quantum theory, with its sudden jumps, suits the Zeitgeist. But there are still scientific laws, whether or not they are ultimately laws of chance; and the recognised laws are the same in Russia and in Germany, in Italy and in the United States. To minimise what science knows is a pleasing modesty in an eminent discoverer—do we not all remember Newton's remark about pebbles on the beach? And it is a pleasing *tour de force* to elicit the orderly world of classical physics from a wholly chaotic jumble of hopping and disintegrating atoms. But it remains true that scientific knowledge is knowledge, however it may need to be re-interpreted.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Walter B. Graham.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"I never once saw a single school so badly lit, so badly ventilated, or so badly heated as the one in which I was educated at Eton," he declared. "I have heard the argument that some children of the elementary schools go to a cold home and bad food. It is not true. Most people at Eton went back to a house which was far colder and ate far worse food."—Sir P. Latham, M.P., in the House of Commons.

"The horse plays a great part in international politics. Therefore anybody who tries to belittle the horse is doing a great disservice to mankind, and is, moreover, not telling the truth."—Lord Beatty reported in the Press.

The piano is a bourgeois instrument.—*Left Review.*

The King's indisposition is, happily, not of a degree to cause anxiety. But it gives a final dramatic touch to the Jubilee season. —*Observer.*

The average cyclist, after all, is drawn from a certain strata of society, and a man who has not seen the inside of a motor-car should not presume to criticise its driver.—*South Wales Echo.*

Rabbit trappers were looked upon as a most barbarous class of people, whereas they were most humane. All this "paper talk" going on against spring traps was nothing but nonsense, and it was his opinion it was Bolshevik money running it.—*Exeter Express and Echo.*

The singing of the Doxology greeted voting against Sunday cinemas at Woodford and Wanstead.—*News Chronicle.*

We find that the trend of public opinion respecting cremation has greatly changed during recent years. For the mourner the purifying flame is a reverent and beautiful symbol that interprets all religious beliefs. It should be noted that cremation is less costly than earth burial.—Advt. in *Manchester Guardian.*

I asked Mr. Noel Coward if he knew. At first he merely said, "Very fine, Grace Moore," in precisely the same tone that once he used to remark nightly, "Very fine, the Taj Mahal."

But then, with his instinct for the theatre, he disclosed the secret of her triumph in four of his clipped words—"Grace's unique, quite unique," which pointed the truth that never before has there been an operatic star thorough enough an artist and an actress to become a star of the films.

Mr. Coward knows.—*Observer.*

CREDIT WITH HONESTY

IT is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of working-class families resort to some form or another of borrowing, or credit or instalment buying. The results are too often disastrous. Recent articles on the iniquities of suburban money lenders and provident check firms have revealed some of the existing evils, and it would be easy to find other examples. There is the familiar story of furniture bought on the hire-purchase system at ostensibly cash prices which showed signs of falling to pieces long before the instalments were paid off. There are all too many ways in which a family may find itself hopelessly burdened with a debt out of all proportion to the value it has received. New legislation could doubtless put a stop to some of the worst evils. A real solution of the problem, however, can only come through the development of services which meet the need for credit without seeking to exploit it.

In the working out of this solution the Co-operative movement is playing an important part. The London Co-operative Society, for example, has been a pioneer in the development of Mutuality Clubs. These clubs, which are open to all members, are a means of obtaining credit for purchases in the

dry-goods departments—drapery, boots, clothing, hardware, furnishing and coal. The system is simple. Coupons, each of the value of ten shillings, are issued when 10 per cent. of their value has been paid, and these are used in making purchases. Repayments are made at the rate of one shilling a week for each pound, so that normally the whole amount is repaid in twenty weeks. Mutuality Clubs, in fact, supply a similar service to that supplied by provident check firms, but there the resemblance ends.

One of the most striking differences is that the Society charges no poundage. Members can obtain credit facilities without extra cost. A coupon costs 10*s.* and is worth its face value. This is possible for various reasons, the most general being that profit-making is not the main concern of a co-operative society. Then, too, in dealing with its members the Society naturally takes fewer risks than check firms must take; indeed, the percentage of total loss incurred by the Society through this form of trading is said to be very small. Another important reason is that the Mutuality Clubs have led to so great an increase of business in the departments concerned that costs have been reduced. The service has more than paid for itself. In 1923 when the clubs were introduced the trade done through them amounted to £24,553; in 1933 it was £1,380,000. This striking increase has not been at the expense of cash trade, which has shown a similar development. Coal is the one exception to this system. Poundage at the rate of 2*s.* a ton—a figure which compares favourably with that charged by the ordinary retailer—is charged if the coal is bought through a club.

A very interesting indication of the value of the clubs is the fact that there has been a definite improvement in the quality of goods bought by those who take advantage of them. There is no discrimination against credit customers; dividends are paid on cash and credit purchases alike.

Another way in which the Mutuality Clubs differ from provident check firms is that with the former there is less danger of obtaining too much credit. The Society's collectors may, on their own initiative, allow no more than £5 credit to a member. If he has only recently joined the Society the amount allowed would probably be a good deal less than that. When a member wants more than £5 the matter must be referred to the Society. The record of the member's general trade with the Society over four half-yearly periods is scrutinised, and on this basis the amount that may be allowed is decided. The advantages to all concerned of this method over the furtive inquiries of local shopkeepers and neighbours, on which the collectors of credit firms have to "pass" credit, are too obvious to be stated.

The London Co-operative Society employs some 600 collectors. They are either men or women members of the Society, chosen by the head of the department on the basis of suitability for the work, length of membership, their trade with and general interest in the Society. They are paid a commission of 5 per cent. on their collections and sixpence for each new member introduced to the Society. Although this work is officially regarded as a part-time occupation, there has been, understandably enough, a tendency in recent years for it to become in some cases a full-time job. In fact the Society has recently decided that new collectors in future shall be appointed as full-time employees enjoying all the benefits of co-operative employment such as holidays, sick pay and superannuation. Collectors are not assigned to particular districts, but may work anywhere within the area covered by the Society. They are given access to the card-indexes of members held at each of the Society's branches. A minimum of twenty members is necessary in order to start a club; apart from this, a collector's activities are not limited by any minimum or maximum. He may spend as little or as much time as he cares to on the work. The Society is not concerned with getting the utmost out of each collector, but in seeing that the work done is efficient. Collectors build up their books largely on personal recommendation from one member of the Society to another, but of course no member may have dealings with more than one collector. If a member is four weeks in arrears the collector must report the fact to the head office, and the member is written to or visited by an inspector. As has been mentioned already, the percentage of final loss is said to be very small though repayments may sometimes take thirty instead of the normal twenty weeks.

The outstanding difference between the methods of the Society and those of firms supplying a similar service is the absence of bullying either of customers or of collectors. Threats and intimidation are not used to extort payment, nor are collectors overdriven and badgered if they do not extend their connections. The atmosphere of strain so vividly described by those who have worked for some of the credit firms is entirely absent. It is clear that this departure from the strong cash tradition of the co-operative movement has abundantly justified itself.

A much more recent experiment of a somewhat different type is the Leeds Furnishing Scheme, which came into operation last February. It is intended to help the Council's tenants, particularly those who are moving from a slum-clearance area to a bigger dwelling requiring more furnishings. A special section of the City's Housing Department has been formed to organise the scheme, and a stock of furniture suitable for the various types of houses and flats now being erected has been bought. The designs have been carefully chosen. The furniture is plain and well made. Tenants are told that if they wish to take advantage of the scheme they may obtain a form from the department. When this has been returned a representative arranges to visit the tenant, with the object not merely of discovering the state of the house and the existing furniture, but also of discussing with the tenant the items of furniture that are most necessary and suitable. It is said that this aspect of the scheme has already been found of great value both to the tenants and to the housing department.

The representative makes a report and submits it to a committee, which considers all the applicant's circumstances and his ability to pay. When the committee has come to a decision the tenant selects his furniture with the help of a representative of the department. Items of furniture may be bought singly or for several rooms, but the latter is rare. In the majority of cases the tenant is not able at one time to furnish completely even a single room. So far 97½ per cent. of all the applications received have been for bedsteads and bedding. This is natural in view of the fact that these tenants have in most cases moved from slum areas.

No deposit is asked for and the weekly repayments may be spread over as long as three years. For example: the weekly payments on furniture of the value of £7 16*s.* would be 3*s.* for a repayment period not exceeding a year; 1*s.* 6*d.* for a period not exceeding two years; 1*s.* for a period not exceeding three years. Great care is taken to keep the payments within the tenant's means. Already, in the first few months of its existence, the scheme appears to have shown itself of real value to those for whom it is intended.

These examples of two different types of service clearly indicate that a solution of the credit problem is by no means impossible of achievement.

D. W. YOUNG

MORE VITAL AFFINITIES

AMONG the corals of the Great Barrier Reef there are to be found minute crabs which live in close association with certain species of the more finely branched corals. At an early age the young female crab settles in a position between two branchlets. An irritation is produced by its movements which influences the future growth of the coral, making the branches broaden, and as they grow upwards to unite laterally and to coalesce with each other, and so form a spherical cage about the size of a hazel nut. The narrow crevice into which the crab has worked allows her hardly any movement except in one plane, thus the outward and inward current which the crab produces in the act of respiration has sufficient fixity of

direction and continuity to secure a definite result, for this current is probably what determines the growth and shape of the coral chamber. Within this chamber the crab lives safely protected from the shocks and dangers of the external world. A sufficient number of apertures are left to allow for the ingoing and outgoing currents of water, and in these currents, small particles of food are borne to and fro, on which the crab can feed.

When the female crab first settles on the branchlet, she is very minute, not much more than a millimetre in length of carapace. She first lives in a very small chamber formed between the growing branches, but soon this becomes too restricted, and she moves up into the cup which is already being formed. Although the currents of water may have determined the lateral growth of the branches, it still remains unexplained why the branches grow together at the top of the little cage, which before long encloses the crab, and in which she is imprisoned for the remainder of her life. Very few specimens of the males of this species of crab have been observed; they are extremely minute and can pass in and out of the small apertures left for the intake of water.

This crab, in relation to the coral, whose growth it can control, and which it can persuade to enclose it in a safe refuge, is a creature which, as we learn of its strange habit, must evoke both our wonder and speculation. For its own ends it makes a house out of the living substances of other animals; here it lives shut off from the dangers of the outer world. At the price of this safety it becomes a prisoner, incapable of ever making its escape.

Henrik Steffens, a naturalist-philosopher of the early nineteenth century, made the imaginative observation: "Animals are fixed ideas incarnate." The meaning of this statement is not patently obvious, but the contemplation of such life-histories as have been described in this and previous articles should help to reveal its significance, and if it be found to have a true meaning, then the ideas made incarnate in animals may surely have correspondent manifestations.

There is another crab frequenting coral reefs which has an interesting relation with certain small sea-anemones. This crab is provided with claws or chelipeds of very small size, which are of little use for attack or defence. The fingers of these claws are armed with recurved teeth, enabling them to take firm hold on the slippery bodies of small anemones. With his claws, carefully and without injury, the crab detaches the anemones from their hold on the rocks. He then clasps the anemones, one in each claw, and holds them in close proximity to his mouth. The anemones do not appear to suffer from this rough treatment, and continue to spread their tentacles, and to capture any small creatures that are wafted to them in the water. The crab with his first pair of walking legs removes any tit-bit that he fancies from the tentacles of the anemone, and eats it himself. In this way his life is made easy for him through the functioning of a completely different species. He is seldom met without one or more anemones in his claws, and this association is developed in the species and not only in individual crabs. Whether the anemones derive any benefit from the partnership is very doubtful.

Another association between vastly different types of living organisms is that between the tree-sloths of South America and certain species of algae. Tree-sloths are mammals characterised by their short faces, rudimentary tails, shaggy coats, and hook-like claws, by which they hang back-downwards from the branches of the trees in the tropical forests in which they spend their lives. The most remarkable thing about them is that their hair is green. This green hair is much to their advantage, since it makes them of the same colour as the tufts of grey-green lichens among which they live. The hair is long and shaggy and is much coarser than most mammalian hair. If a section be taken of this hair, it is seen to be formed of two parts, an inner central portion and an outer sheath. This outer sheath is divided by a number of transverse cracks, and in these cracks there lives and flourishes a primitive plant, a one-celled alga.

In the damp tropical forests, the algae, in the cracks of the hairs, find sufficient moisture, and by means of their green chloroplasts extract carbon dioxide from the air, and so increase and multiply. Their lives are by no means parasitic on the sloth, yet they find a safe harbourage in his long, coarse hairs, and by the green of their chloroplasts they bestow on him the true colour of vegetation. In this association both species benefit, yet neither the one nor the other can be even remotely aware of the existence of the other.

The above description is of the three-toed sloth or aï. The two-toed sloth also inhabits the same tropical forests, and it is a remarkable fact that the hairs are of a different structure from that of the three-toed. The hairs in this case have no outer cortex, but are furrowed with longitudinal grooves. In these grooves live the cells of a different and distinct species of alga. The effect in both cases is the same, but the mechanism is different. The hairs in both species of sloth are long and shaggy and would seem to imitate tufts of lichen, so that the body of the sloth, as it hangs upside-down in the tree, would appear like a lichen-clad knot of wood. But only if these hairs are green is the protective device effective. Now it is assumed by evolutionists that the tree-sloths have been developed from some ancestral ground-living species. The question presents itself: was the power of natural selection adequate to produce the shaggy, lichen-like hair in the arboreal sloths, and at the same time to produce the particular structures in the hairs themselves that allow of the association of the algae? Unless these characters occurred simultaneously they would each lose the greater part of their usefulness. As a corollary to the accepted theory of evolution, Henrik Steffens' observation may here also find a significance.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

Correspondence

THE NEW FRIENDS

SIR,—We are supposed to be a practical people, not fond of theories, but able to discern a fact when well displayed before us. It is a little surprising, therefore, to find Hitler's pious declarations hailed as a message of peace while his accompanying acts of menace are glossed over. Thus the speech of the Thirteen Points was neatly accompanied by the simultaneous publication of the details of the Conscription Decree which gives Germany the largest army in Europe. I say largest because the Russian Army serves not 182,000 but 8,000,000 square miles, and has to fear Japan in Asia no less than Hitler in Europe.

So with the Air. Germany declares for equality, but in fact is building beyond equality. She was doing this even while Britain was reposing in fifth (or was it sixth or seventh?) place.

So with the Navy. Germany, with a 35 per cent. tonnage, only too probably of superior fighting machines as at Jutland, concentrated in the narrow seas, could work havoc against a British Navy scattered to the three corners of the world and possibly attacked by Japan. What of France, so lately our Ally? Hitler, with a 35 per cent.-of-the-British-tonnage Navy, the greatest army in Europe, an Air Force at least equal to that of France, and with superior industrial power, would have France at her mercy.

Not the least interesting of Hitler's thirteen points is No. 12 against poisoned writings. But Hitler's own famous book of war is a fact, and no less it is a fact that a Nazi religion of racial superiority and supremacy is being preached to inspire the units of conquest, and to give them a proper contempt for Christian ethics. We have thus to reckon with something new under the sun—a Scientific Paganism.

Even as I write comes the yell of Dr. Engels, "I assume you are no longer Christians," and the answering roar of the Scientific Heathens. Of such were the sinkers of the *Lusitania*. Of such are those who send Christian priests to concentration camps. Of such were the gentlemen who planned the murder of Dollfuss and who, the murder done, prematurely proclaimed by wireless the triumph of the Nazis in Austria. Of such were the workers of the bloody domestic purge. And these are our new friends! *Heil Hitler!*

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

Royal Societies Club.

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—I suppose that members of the Labour Party were too stunned by the honour conferred on it a fortnight ago, in the shape of the knighthood bestowed on its Chief Whip, to give immediate expression to the joyful emotions which, no doubt, they felt. Having now begun to sit up and take nourishment, I feel moved to break the awed silence with convalescent whispers.

I have not the acquaintance of the gentleman in question, nor as an individual does he concern me. For all I know, he may have consulted the Executive of the Party as to the propriety of his action, and, in any case, he has only done what others have done before him. It is not, therefore, as a person, but as a symbol, that I refer to him. Still less do I venture to comment on the taste shown by his fellows-in-glory of the Trade Union Movement. If Trade Unionists think that their officials will serve them best by dressing up in the livery of their inveterate opponents, one may regard that opinion as eccentric, but their eccentricities are their own business. But the conduct of the Chief Whip is not merely an individual matter. He is an honorary official of the Parliamentary Party; and, whatever fine distinctions may be drawn between his personal and public capacities, in a matter of this kind the two cannot be separated. So, at the risk of distracting the Executive in its task of drafting for the next Conference resolutions of congratulation to Sir Charles Edwards on his promotion, and of gratitude to the Government for its condescension in bestowing on the Party a certificate of its approval, I should like to ask a few ill-mannered questions.

For a good many years the Labour Party has been in the habit of stating in its programmes and on public platforms that it stands for Social Equality. Has it jettisoned that article in its creed as too embarrassing electoral luggage? Or does it suppose that it will convert the public to a belief in Equality, if it does not, in its heart, believe in it itself? And does it expect to persuade them of the genuineness of its convictions, if prominent members of the Party sit up, like poodles in a drawing-room, wag their tails when patted, and lick their lips at the social sugar-plums tossed them by their masters? It has told the workers again and again that their strength is in solidarity, and that they must advance together, or not at all. Are they likely to believe it, if they see one of the honorary officers of the Party created to fight their battles accepting a knighthood from a Government the very initiation of which has been repeatedly denounced by his colleagues as an odious piece of treachery to the workers' cause? It has declared that it is committed to an uncompromising struggle with the plutocracy and all its works. Then why stick in its hair the very feathers which the plutocracy, in its more imbecile moments, loves to wear in its own? There may well be a case for distinctions conferred as recognised steps in an official career, for example on civil servants. But those accepted in recent years by some leaders of the Labour Movement are hardly in that category. The truth is, that the whole business of political honours stinks—stinks of snobbery, of the money for which, unless rumour is wholly misleading, a good many of them are sold, of the servile respect for wealth and social position which remains even to-day the characteristic and contemptible vice of large numbers of our fellow-countrymen. It is precisely these things which are among the principal obstacles in the path of the Labour Party. Why on earth does it go out of its way to strengthen their pernicious influence by allowing, without a murmur, its members to do obeisance to them?

I am told that titles are a trifle, and that it is absurd to make a fuss about them. If they are such a trifle, why does anyone desire them? But they are not. Those who think that the acceptance of them does no harm have been mixing too long with *blasés* politicians. They should attend their local Labour Parties, and listen for a change to the views of ordinary men and women. I know, of course, that the members of the Party who have refused "honours" are a good deal more numerous than those who have accepted them, and that fact should be remembered. The stuff, apparently, is hawked round, and sensible men, when they catch a whiff of it, tell the vendor for the Lord's sake to take it farther up the street. But the public cannot know that. All it sees is that some Labour politicians denounce the social system in one breath, and in the next behave as though they were on their knees before it. The conclusion it draws from the spectacle, and quite inevitably draws, is that Labour politicians are on the make to the same degree as other politicians, and that their full-mouthed indignation at social inequalities is vociferous cant.

I am told, again, that, though the thing is admittedly nauseous, it can't be helped. It is true, of course, that Privy Councillorships are not to be avoided, and that, as long as the House of Lords exists, the Labour Party must have members in it. That is a good reason why a Labour Government should make Privy Councillors and Peers in the number required to get its work done, and members of the Party who have accepted for that reason the positions in question have laid the Movement under an obligation. But, however singular the British Constitution may be, it does not yet contain a Chamber of Knights—though, at the present rate, it soon may—or require that, before a man can become a Minister, he should prepare himself for his responsibilities by attaching to his name a prescribed percentage of the alphabet.

If the only case for "honours" is the practical one, it seems pretty easy to meet. Let the next Party Conference lay down (1) that no member of the Party shall accept adornments of the kind except from a Labour Government, (2) that no Labour Government shall confer any "honours" except such as are essential in order to enable it to do the job for which it was given power. Were that course adopted, a Labour Government would remain free to recommend the creation of such Peers and Privy Councillors as it required. But we should see less of the humiliating business of Labour members succumbing, however undesignedly, to the blandishments of a social system which the Labour Party is pledged to do its utmost to wind up.

R. H. TAWNEY

O.T.C.s

SIR,—The remarks of the Prince of Wales on the disciplinary value of O.T.C. training expose once again a serious defect of our educational system.

If the O.T.C. is a part of our defence services, as was maintained recently in the House of Commons, and if we are agreed that the military training of boys can be usefully begun when they are still at school and often unable to realise the full implication of what they are being taught, then let them be instructed in grim earnest and not be allowed in an irresponsible manner to enjoy the mere importance of wearing uniform. Let them get experience in the use of gas-masks and bomb-throwing so that they understand the realities of warfare and learn to respect the weapons they employ. But then parents, illogically enough, and the schools themselves would object to this reversion to barbarism.

The training at present given to boys neither serves for the defence of the country nor has it any beneficial effects on mind or body; and it is a poor yoke-fellow for the idealism which should inspire our work in education. Its disciplinary value belongs to the scholastic theories of the last century. The War Office would consult the safety of the country much more adequately by abolishing O.T.C.s and instituting in all our schools a compulsory system of physical training suitable for boys and efficiently run under fully qualified instructors.

G. L. BARBER

WORLD RESTRICTION SCHEMES

SIR,—The writer of the article, "Three Restriction Schemes" gave, I think, an excellent picture of his subject. It is very useful for Socialists to look into every experiment in so-called "planned" capitalist economy. That is why I venture to touch up his picture in some details which seem to me to be particularly interesting for Socialists.

1. In the case of rubber, it was not the majority of growers, but of the *European* growers, which was won over to the restriction scheme. The adherence of the majority of the Malayan and Indonesian native growers was taken for granted, because their Governments adhered.

2. The main interest of the native workers in tin mines and on tea and rubber estates consists in not becoming unemployed. The question is, which method gives the highest degree of employment: restriction of output, or ruin of the marginal mines and plantations, with rationalisation (which means partly decrease of labour) following? Their case may not have been considered, particularly by the capitalists and politicians promoting the schemes, but the lie of the land was certainly known to the Governments which gave the schemes their restrictive powers.

3. Is it correct that the Netherlands and the British Empire control, between them, seven-eighths (87.5 per cent.) of the tea production and three-quarters (75 per cent.) of the tin production of the world? The German *Statistical Annual* for 1934 (which reproduces the figures of the International Agricultural Institute at Rome and the American Bureau of Metal Statistics) gives the world

production of tin in 1933 as 89,400 metric tons, with 37,900 tons (42 per cent.) coming neither from British nor from Dutch areas. For tea only the exportation figures are given. From a world total in 1932 (last year known) of 413,800 kgs. an amount of at least 59,900 kgs. came from non-British and non-Dutch areas.

4. The writer of the article thinks that there are no great international differences in the cost of production in these commodities. But he himself mentions that the cost of producing tin in Bolivia is from four to eight times as high as in British Malaya.

5. I doubt whether, in the case of tin, the increase of production in non-restricting areas is "advancing rapidly." This is certainly not the case in China, Indo-China, Japan, Siam, South Africa. The only remarkable increase during the restriction period was in the Belgian Congo—from 900 to 2,400 tons—not more than a flea-bite, so far.

6. The writer tries to show how absurd he thinks the fact that by international agreements production is kept alive artificially in countries where otherwise it would have broken down during the slump. But is it really so absurd not to allow the Bolivian tin mines to go bankrupt, and their workers to starve, the moment a new and cheaper source of tin is found? And if he puts the ideal of an international Socialist control against the present state of things, in what would this control consist if not in the protection of local production, together with some measures of very limited scope, such as accumulating stocks in times of depression and so capping the booms at least till their workers have found new work? Bolivia is not only hit by the competition of Banca tin, but by that of Katanga and Rhodesia copper, by the devaluation of silver, etc. It would take long years, if it is possible at all, to develop substitute work for those large parts of the Bolivian population which are concerned with the production of these metals. Detection of minerals is a capricious affair, and so are comparative costs in mining from country to country. As between the alternative of shifting populations all over the world, or protection in the teeth of the comparative level of costs, an international Socialist control, I suppose, would choose protection, even if it knew this meant "mulcting the consumer." Socialism is a system of intervention. The simple statement that something going on in the capitalist world means intervention does not cut much ice for a Socialist. Nor does the mere detection of monopoly in that capitalist world, since Socialism is a system of monopoly all round the world of production.

JOSEPH WALDMANN

Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE PEACE BALLOT

SIR,—On Thursday, June 27th, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, we are to learn the final figures in the Ballot on the League of Nations and Armaments that has been in progress during the past nine months. Thanks to the help of five hundred thousand volunteers, well over ten million votes have already been recorded in favour of League principles and the collective system of ensuring Peace. Many tons of ballot forms have had to be issued from the head office in London. It has come to my notice that, thanks to the many donors of sums ranging from a shilling to a thousand pounds, the whole expenditure that has had to be incurred at headquarters has now been met save for £468.

There will be many of your readers, I feel sure, who share with me the hope that when Lord Cecil announces the final results, he may also be in a position to state that the balance now outstanding has been cleared. Those wishing to contribute, however small the sum, should write without delay direct to Lord Cecil at 16 South Eaton Place, London, S.W.1. They will have the satisfaction of participating in the carrying through of a great piece of work to a triumphant conclusion.

PHILIP GIBBS

Little House, D'Oyley Street, S.W.1.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—From a long experience of University teaching I should agree with Messrs. Stuart and Rookes that the intellectual training which clever boys get at our best public schools is the best that this country at present offers. But it is not very good for the less bright.

The terrible danger of our system as compared with the American and the Continental (over which it has some great advantages) is that it inevitably hardens the cleavage between classes and makes mutual understanding difficult. For few working-class boys go to public schools. The clever public-school boy and the clever working-class boy, when they meet at the University, can often overcome this difficulty. But for the rest it is intensified by segregation and may be confirmed by suppression of discussion.

It is precisely this point which Messrs. Stuart and Rookes' letter illustrates. They dismiss Socialist economics as "sheer sentiment," and Communist institutions as the chief menace to individuality. How good for them to have discussed the last point with an unemployed or sweated Marxist, or the first with a north-country Trade Unionist, or even with a Socialist teacher of economics! The alert-minded boy, being trained in criticism, may not suffer much. He will presently mistrust his environment and look for himself at books like Mr. Strachey's *Nature of Capitalist Crisis* or Mr. Niebuhr's *Moral Man in Immoral Society*, or Mr. Cole's *Economic Tracts for the Times*. Whatever he thinks of the arguments, he will see that to dismiss them as sentimentality was sheer ignorance. But the duller boy, being also probably lazy, clothes his mind in the soft raiment which is so cheap in kings' houses. The public opinion of his set has pronounced arguments which appeal to some third part of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Europeans to be sheer sentiment.

If more boys left public schools with a rudimentary knowledge of the pros and cons of such topics they would be less at the mercy of complacent catch-words and much more interesting pupils.

E. F. CARRITT

University College, Oxford.

SIR,—As an Old Wellingtonian and a present member of the Bedales staff, I was naturally much interested in the review of *Out of Bounds* in your issue of June 8th. Since then I have read the book, and because, though I am not a Communist, I am largely in sympathy with its ideas, I should like to draw the attention of readers to two points in connection with Esmond Romilly's remarks on Bedales. If one or two of his delusions about the school are cleared up, the value of his writing will be increased.

(1) As regards the charge of Philistinism, so-called "intellectuals" exist, though there are correspondingly fewer of them here than at Wellington College. It must be remembered, first, that there is no entrance examination at Bedales, and secondly, that the whole aim of the school has been to escape from the academic bias in education. Possibly, too, the author believes that all "intellectuals" must be Communists, a view which he could hardly expect to be taken for granted in a liberally progressive school.

(2) As regards Co-education, an impressionable and precocious boy, like Esmond Romilly, must obviously have been struck by the number of love-affairs. Equally obviously his youth and inexperience do not fit him to realise that such affairs are generally of short duration just because they are the affairs of adolescents, who are not yet capable of a full and lasting emotional relationship. They are no less valuable or genuine because of that, for they provide channels of expression, which in the Public School are blocked up by those single-sexed fixations which Romilly, because of their deepness, seems to prefer. No wonder, therefore, that in the short space of eight weeks his emotional confusion on this point prevented him from acquiring the necessary technique! His "social sex of a lemonadish variety" might more truly be called sensible sex relations based on self-control, knowledge and a respect for personality.

Lastly, Mr. Raymond Mortimer's review arouses the faint suspicion that his knowledge both of that book and of Bedales is not altogether adequate, for he makes two unfortunate mistakes in his criticism. It was Esmond, *not* Giles, who came to Bedales after Wellington College, and the new headmaster, whom Mr. Mortimer pictures as changing things, is not yet in office.

Bedales School, Petersfield.

J. L. HENDERSON

SIR,—As one of those for whom Messrs. Stuart and Rookes hoped they were speaking, I think that two sentences in their letter are deserving of criticism. They write: "The Public School is perhaps the only institution which is trying to instil a little idealism into the worldly citizens of England. In this money-grabbing civilisation of to-day, some illusions are necessary to make people desire to live at all." For the past four years I have been a member of a school which is neither better nor worse than dozens of others. I must confess that I am still wondering of what these ideals consist. I observe that Mr. Stuart and Mr. Rookes are tactfully discreet on this point. Perhaps they will enlighten us? To continue to the "illusions" which are deemed to be so necessary, it seems to me that the one thing of which the world is in need, is not the growth of illusions, but their destruction.

To deliberately encourage illusions is to convert oneself into a figure like H. G. Wells's *Bulpington of Blup*, one who shudders from contact with reality and who lives only in the figments of his imagination. In passing I might mention that there are many who think that the "money-grabbing system" is the greatest of these illusions, and not the stern reality that the writers appear to think it is. This letter may appear to be purely destructive criticism, but I cannot agree that this is useless. One cannot build until one has cleared the ground; the clearing away of useless lumber, among which comes much "tradition," is the function of destructive criticism.

A. H. E. MARSHALL

Allsop's House, Aldenham School,
Elstree, Herts.

SIR,—The sentimentality of those who defend the odd and rather primitive habit of beating the hinder parts of small boys even for trivial offences is certainly remarkable. I have been a big game hunter, but do not feel it is "mawkish" to suggest that the only form of school punishment which is the subject of obscene jests and vulgar buffoonery amongst boys should be avoided during the most erotic, neurotic and suggestible period of a boy's life. Flogging is a punishment generally reserved for the more brutal of crimes; why use it for such offences as "failing to cheer their own house team sufficiently heartily on its appearance on the football ground," or for being last in the class? "Last" may be a stupid or nervous boy's proper place. Someone must be last, even in a race which all strive to win. We do not usually beat the last runner. Quite recently a boy left Harrow who was flogged (even threatened with expulsion) because, when well over seventeen, he was found with a cigarette, though the then headmaster admits that "smoking is not a heinous offence." Then why flog?

Generations of education, the substitution of tea for beer, and the lessened coarseness and brutality outside school walls have probably, by increasing imaginative power and sensitivity, increased the psychological reactions to this mediaeval and monastic "discipline." The insulting indignity of the whole business is certainly more appreciated now even by the young. The psychological effect of being held down by two or three persons stronger than oneself and thrashed is likely to be extremely anti-social. Schoolmasters have a whole armoury of other weapons with which to maintain order.

E. R. WILSON

Cambridge Terrace, W.3.

SPIRIDONOVA

SIR,—I am very thankful to Mr. Ralph Wright for his friendly criticism of my book *Spiridonova*. But will you allow me to make a few remarks on some sentences that could mislead the English reader?

Mr. Wright speaks about the Social Revolutionaries as if they were one united party. The truth is that this party had been split into a right and a left wing just during the Kerensky Period. Already in the beginning of the October Revolution these two wings were fighting each other as the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks did.

Maria Spiridonova belonged to the leading personalities in the newly formed party of the Left Social Revolutionaries. As to Terrorism, it must be emphasised that the Left S.-R. never used the weapon of Terrorism against their Socialist opponents, and therefore also not against any member of the Bolshevik government. (Count Mirbach and General Eichhorn, the representatives of the German Imperialism, who were appointed to crush the Russian Revolution, belonged to quite a different Social class). The *attentat* on Lenin was made by Dora Kaplan, a Right Social Revolutionary, who did it, as is well-known, without permission and even knowledge of her party.

If so, I cannot understand why Mr. Wright is uncertain about the problem: what is to be done with Spiridonova and her friends? I think fifteen years of prison and banishment in Soviet Russia are enough punishment for courageous Revolutionaries who are not of the same opinion as the government. In a time when the Communist parties of Europe make so many efforts to establish the United Front with the Socialists, it is but just to expect the same methods to be employed in U.S.S.R. itself. If it is true that "peace is indivisible," how much more indivisible should be the peace between Communists and Socialists of all opinions in all countries of the world? I see no difficulties for any right-minded man in solving this problem; it is to release the prisoners.

J. STEINBERG

PAYMENT TO SEAMEN

SIR,—Without wishing to deal with the question whether the conclusions which your correspondent, Mr. Kenneth Bradshaw, has arrived at in regard to seamen's wages are correct or not, I do not think his letter in your last issue should stand without correction.

In that letter he takes strong exception to a criticism of his statements and proceeds to set out "facts." Unfortunately these "facts" are for the most part entirely inaccurate.

The Cunard White Star have been granted a loan, secured not only by a mortgage on the *Queen Mary*, but on all the available assets of the company for £4,500,000, with a possible increase to £9,500,000, similarly secured if the company decide to build a sister ship.

To describe this as a subsidy is to call the advance which Mr. Bradshaw may have obtained from a building society to buy his house a subsidy.

Tramp Shipping. The figure of £2,000,000 is correct. The subsidy is to strengthen British tramp shipping against foreign subsidised tramp shipping, which is granted much heavier subsidies and employs its seamen under much less favourable conditions than those obtaining on British tramp steamers.

No advances whatever are made for scrapping. Advances can be made for building ships (subject to twice as much tonnage being scrapped) up to a limit of £10,000,000 secured by a first mortgage on the ships to be built, and subject to other very stringent conditions calculated to protect the public purse. Judging from reports in the press very little money has actually been advanced as yet under this scheme, which again cannot by any stretch of imagination be described as one for subsidising shipping.

Mr. Bradshaw is also obviously not aware that different sections of the shipping industry have different practices as regards the employment of crews, and it is far from being a general truth that they are paid off and go on the dole after each trip.

The shipping industry is a complicated and technical trade, and ill-informed generalities about it may lead the critic into erroneous conclusions more damaging to him than to the industry.

Highgate, N.6. W. G. HYNARD

VANILLA

SIR,—Apropos of Miss Ruth Pitter's letter in your last issue, some years ago I was discussing the merits of vanilla with a German chemist, and remarked how satisfactory it was to feel that when one bought the pods one was at least not getting a synthetic article. "Don't be so sure," said my friend, "there's quite a trade done in used pods which are purchased by my factory, impregnated with the synthetic essence and then go back into commerce!" Might I add that a couple of pods (the genuine article) placed in the linen drawer give its contents a delightful fragrance unequalled by anything else.

A. EMIL DAVIES

Miscellany

NOSTALGIE DE LA BOUE

WHEN I began my "cure" at Piestany three weeks ago, I looked forward to its end as a slave might anticipate freedom. Now that it is over, now that I have been baked in my last mud pack and boiled in my last mud bath I am astonished to find myself regretting the interruption of a routine and a discipline which, almost intolerable at first, I have actually learnt to enjoy. It would be easy to pretend that if I return to Piestany it will be for the sake of its beauty, its comfort or its amusements. But it would only be pretence. The gardens are indeed miraculously scented with jasmine and the parks loud with nightingales. I know no place where the birds so emphatically and so continuously give the lie to that odd English myth that it is only in the British Isles that wild birds sing musically. I have sat under the trees at night and heard gypsy music while a dazzling moon rose over the wooded foothills of the Carpathians. I have listened to the May bugs

which tumble all day from the trees with a sound like October apples falling. I have wondered at the endless rain of gossamer which the silver poplars shed; at the prodigious elaboration of the peasants' Sunday finery; at the tough Slovak women who pull sufferers to the baths in Sedan chairs, running like coolies between the shafts; above all I have wondered at the English visitors, their faces ironed like their shirt fronts, taking their pleasures exactly as they would at any place which had a golf links, a dance floor and a good cuisine. But it is not any of these attractions that I shall miss and it will not be in search of them that I return to Piestany.

Surely, I said, when I first saw the *Schlammbad*, surely Dante passed this way? It was here that he conceived the idea of a burning lake, here where in truth the sulphurous liquid boils and bubbles while twisted, naked souls, their feet in scalding mud and their heads enveloped in undying steam, weep out their sins and their rheumatism. Yes, I cried as I trod the burning steps and noted that in this cauldron one was forbidden to swim or to spit or to make a noise, here indeed is the very prototype of the Inferno.

Nor do our torments end with the *Schlammbad*. Parboiled already, we are swathed tightly in blankets, helpless as mummies and left to stew in our own vapours. And on days when the Higher Powers reprieve us from the *Schlammbad*, the *Schlamm* itself, black and hot, is brought to us in great buckets from the depths of the river bed by attendant demons who arrive backside first through holes in the ground. We are rolled in the scalding pitch; it is plastered over us; we are one with it, ourselves part of the river, part of a volcanic process. We have returned to a nature more primitive than the apostles of the simple life ever imagined. Here is a refinement of the torture of Tantalus. For most of us, if we are honest with ourselves, will admit that there is in us a liking for mud and that with this mud, thick, malleable, smelly and luscious, the child in most of us would gladly play. But we cannot play with it; we are its plaything. The grown-ups with their slaps and scoldings never invented any deterrent so effective as to bury us alive in the object of our passion. It is as if a hungry man were smothered in caviare or one who dies of thirst drowned in champagne. Tightly packed, our strength and our desires ooze out of us in great drops of sweat. The temperature of the mud is carefully noted. Our skins may not be burned. But no one measures the fantastic temperatures which our blood must reach, as we lie buried. To sweat is our fate and our condemnation. In the pack I have wept from sheer weakness. My tears, mingled with sweat, have flowed unnoticed. To ask what would have happened if I had laughed is to strain fancy. Laughter in hell is as unthinkable as swimming or spitting.

All this was my early impression. And I had my private torment. Fast in my *Pack* the deep fear of the trapped animal arose in me. It was only by summoning all my inner force that I kept from shouting for help and struggling with my tormentors. And then a change. I learnt the tricks of the captive and even something of the virtue of suffering. Like other prisoners I found ways of alleviating my captivity. By a cunning extension of my elbows I was able to prevent the blankets as they were wrapped about me from binding fast, just as a man who is tied with ropes for show swells his muscles so that the bonds which seem to cut into his flesh are really slack. My hands free, I am no longer terrified. If Göring appears I can at least make shift to free myself enough to give him one in the eye with a lump of hot mud. And I can do other things with my hands. My fingers with an inch or two of play explore the mud around them. Unexpectedly they find foreign bodies in the mud, small stones and bits of stick. Of these I made a secret hoard, smuggling out one or two each day with a sense of triumph. Even in the *Schlammbad* itself I dug up stones with my toes. I was after all free; the Powers had not succeeded in preventing me from playing with this lovely mud.

Then the second stage of emancipation. This was not Hell I had reached, but Purgatory. For each bath and each cure had an end. Our sentences were fixed, not eternal. None need abandon hope who enters here. We could watch the clock until the divine moment of purification, when the mud would be washed from us in the cleansing shower. And how good was the clear water of the *Spiegelbad* where they leave one a floating thermometer instead of a celluloid duck to play with! There is not room to swim in the *Spiegelbad* and I did not want to spit, but I dared to sing and whistle and no one said me nay. Even the strain of the mud pack is relieved by attendants, whom I soon ceased to see as demons. Now one and now another comes my way; looks with a pitying smile, and wipes the sweat from my face. Each I found had his own technique with the towel. Some would thoroughly wipe the eyes and forehead, neglecting the agonising tickle of unseen drops around my nostrils. One boy above all had the vocation. He wiped my nose with the tenderness of St. Veronica, and his *Bitte* in response to my *Danke* had in it the compassion of the angels and the tears of the nightingales. I grew patient waiting for his return and for the moment of purification. I saw that all here had learnt patience, resignation and hope.

At first I thought that some poor souls must give up the unequal struggle with the vapours of the *Schlammbad* to sink perhaps unnoticed to the bottom where they would be quickly assimilated to the mud. Could we perhaps vanish? No, it does not happen. Statistics are against me. The same number emerge each day from the bath as enter it. In this Purgatory none give up: all live by hope, seeking purification and healing through suffering. They endure not as stoics, but as optimists and penitents. Religiously they pass through the fire, confident of bliss to follow. Year after year they come, these voluntary martyrs, knowing that they may indeed find healing here. They look eagerly at the museum of crutches thrown away by the brave saints of the past. The claims of the Piestany mud are not fraudulent. For many it is indeed the way of salvation. The halt and the maimed who now hobble about the streets in dressing gowns may some day mount up with wings like the eagles; they may run and not be weary; they may walk and not faint.

This is the story that every sufferer will tell you—that they endure in the hope of release from future pain. They do not say—what rational person could?—that they enjoy the Purgatory of the Mud. But if my confession is to be complete I must plead a different and less rational experience. If I return to Piestany I shall have other reasons in addition to the hope of release from pain. It will be in part at least because I have come to love the mud itself, not because of its healing virtues, not yet because of its perfection as a childish plaything, but because of the discipline it imposes. Twenty minutes in the *Schlammbad* once seemed an eternity. At the end of a quarter of an hour I wondered how another five minutes could be endured. And yet by the end of my allotted sentence I was not always in haste to breathe the free air again. I had endured twenty minutes; why not thirty? So it was half eagerly and half reluctantly that I stepped out of the mud. Sweating in the *Pack* I would begin desperately to count the seconds. But sometimes my thoughts would have reached a certain tranquillity before the clock struck the signal to *auspacken*. I should like to claim more, to range myself with the masters of contemplation. Spinoza, buried in mud, would have found a new metaphysic, Boethius rejoiced once more in the consolations of philosophy and Bunyan experienced another chapter of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. My own is the more modest achievement of learning to bear it with some serenity and sometimes to forget it. It was something to have endured when endurance was difficult. If I go again next year to Piestany it will be in part at least in the hope of finding a greater serenity. The monk who finishes his penance may perhaps feel as I do. He may regret the last stroke of the scourge on his back. Even so I hanker after mud. Even so I know *la nostalgie de la boue*.

CRITIC

Czechoslovakia.
June, 1935.

SOLILOQUY OF A CIVIL SERVANT

SEVEN years have I seven years have I sat
have sunk my roots and gloried and grown fat
weaving the governmental arabesque
at this desk, this my square and basic desk.

I have ravelled out here with my dexterous hands
the tough rebellion of entangled strands;
and the strands fall in line and intertwine,
all cross-connected, regulated, fine.

Words, words my instruments, what can I not do,
deft scalpels, tweezers, what not do with you?
seven years have taught my dexterous hands to soothe
your aimless rout, and chisel you skin-smooth;

You are my controlling supple constables,
my sensitive tentacles, my spiky quills,
my nimble penetrative X-rays hurled
between the bustling atoms of the world;

or you are troops mobilised at this my base;
or you are balloons I float off into space,
fine liveried heralds whose lungs I inflate
with the breath of a Secretary of State.

I tilt my chair back and admire the sight.
I will not topple down, I am strapped in tight.
The pattern will not topple down, this fine
intricate elegant safe pattern of mine.

JOHN MACOMISH

TOSCANINI

MUSIC may be described as a print of eternity taken in time and lasting so long as it takes, remaining a whole until the last note is struck then fading simultaneously. After that one can only recall it in memory. I use the simile of a "print," because it will serve best to explain in one direction where Toscanini's superiority as a conductor lies. Supposing that in reading poetry one were used to poems in very poor print upon inferior quality paper; imagine, for example, having only been able to procure Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* printed in smudgy ink on a piece of blotting paper with the stanzas scattered haphazard all over the sheet and either no punctuation or all the punctuation wrong! But this is how music is sometimes performed, and the first distinction between a good reproducing artist and an inferior one is that from the good artist we get an orderly, correct, audible impression. The average reader like the average listener is soon aware of certain differences, but only an expert typographer is fully aware of all the fine distinctions, and he alone knows completely the different values produced by differing typographical settings of a poem. But in typographical prints the variations possible are limited as compared with those possible in a photographic print, for example, and we must go on and compare the differences in musical reproduction to those possible with a camera and a lens with all the latter's possibilities of light-variation, focusing, etc. Then we may compare one conductor's performance of a symphony with another's, as we may compare a poor photograph taken with a mediocre camera by a not highly capable person with a first-rate print taken by an expert using the finest materials.

Now, although this is the mere basis of the art of musical reproduction, it is a surprising fact that this basis is so rarely adequately supplied by the reproducing artist—whether he be instrumentalist, vocalist or conductor. I think that every music lover who has heard the famous conductors of our time will admit that even on this presumably elementary ground the musical impression made by Toscanini when he conducts a work is incredibly clearer in detail, better proportioned as to parts and more vivid as a whole than those made by any other conductor.

The four concerts conducted by Toscanini, arranged as part of the London Music Festival by the B.B.C., were the first occasion of Toscanini's conducting an English orchestra. There must have been a certain amount of apprehension on both sides. The reputation of Toscanini is a curious one. He is about sixty-eight years old, and it took the best German musicians many years before they could even bring themselves to contemplate the possibility that an Italian might actually surpass the finest of their native conductors. They went and heard and came back impressed as only an outstanding personality is capable of impressing experienced and gifted artists in their own profession. But Toscanini functioned chiefly at La Scala, Milan, of which wonders were constantly being told, and this being merely an Italian opera house these wonders were discounted. Then I remember some Viennese musical friends of mine writing to me a number of years ago describing a visit by Toscanini with an Italian opera company to their native town and how devastating to their preconceived notions this visit was. He performed *Falstaff* and *Lucia di Lammermuir* and Vienna went mad. "Not since the greatest days of Gustav Mahler has such an impression been made on the musical intelligentsia here," wrote one of my friends. Toscanini was invited to Bayreuth. There is a story told that on his first appearance there and at his first rehearsal he started with *Die Götterdämmerung* with the picked German orchestra that had played under the greatest German masters and went straight through the score without stopping once. The musicians were disconcerted, but went confidently on to be, however, dumbfounded when at the end he laid down his baton and merely said: "Gentlemen, it is terrible!"

The programmes of Toscanini's four concerts here were actually more interesting than at first sight they seemed to be. The fact that he did not know the orchestra was no doubt responsible for the main items in each pair of concerts being the same, but as I am credibly informed that he liked our B.B.C. Symphony orchestra and thinks highly of it—which is a tribute not only to its material, but to the excellent training of Dr. Adrian Boult, since it is generally considered to be the best trained orchestra we have in this country—the next time he comes it will probably not be necessary to repeat any items. Of the first two concerts, consisting of Brahms' E minor Symphony, Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture and Wagner excerpts, no doubt the Brahms made the deepest general impression. For my part I thought, especially of the first movement of the Brahms symphony, that Toscanini's ruthlessly *musical* rendering rather showed up the defects of the work and that only in the last movement, the passacaglia, did Brahms stand up fully to the treatment he received. The finer the music is structurally, the more magnificent it is in rhythmic design, the more clearly is revealed the greatness of Toscanini as a conductor. So it was that the passacaglia of the Brahms' E minor Symphony and the last movement of the Beethoven A major Symphony were given with a convincing and satisfying purity and splendour such as I have never heard before. Here indeed Toscanini is unique among conductors. Steadiness, accuracy, sensitiveness and rightness of proportion are combined with a vitality that is unique as it is also so little manifested by outward physical exertion. A great surprise for me was the "Faust" overture, which was played in a superlatively massive way, but I had expected the serenity and nobility of the Cherubini overture in which the wood-wind of our B.B.C. orchestra surpassed themselves.

In the second pair of concerts the two performances of Beethoven's A major Symphony were incomparably finer than any performance of this work I have ever heard. It has not been a favourite of mine among Beethoven's symphonies, and it is more often badly, because crudely and heavily, played than any other; but in Toscanini's hands this "apotheosis of the dance" was given in its full rhythmical glory. Of the

rest, I was most impressed by the two performances of Debussy's Symphonic Sketches, *La Mer*. To hear this work performed under Toscanini is a revelation of its musical qualities. Here again it is most conspicuous how much more lucid and well-defined are Toscanini's reproductions of the music than those of other conductors. There is never anything feeble or tentative about his renderings, but everything is in its right place and firmly and satisfyingly there.

There is one other impression which it is necessary to convey in writing of Toscanini. As I sat in a different place and could watch exactly what he did and did not do when he conducted the Beethoven for the second time, I was suddenly reminded of Berlioz's remark: "Do you think I make music for my pleasure?" I am certain that it is not a pleasure for Toscanini to conduct, but rather that he suffers. It is because of his extreme musical sensibility and intense concentration. Here lies the essence of his superiority. He suffers because he concentrates more than others. His self-forgetfulness is perfect and his awareness of the music is complete. This is the real secret of Toscanini.

W. J. TURNER

THE POET AS DRAMATIST

"Murder In The Cathedral." By T. S. Eliot. At Canterbury. (Text. *Faber*. 5s.)

MR. ELIOT is to be thanked for having broken away from the naturalistic tradition of historical drama. He has not given us a correctly dressed dummy-replica of Thomas à Becket; his play is really a discourse upon the saintliness of the Archbishop in particular and upon the nature of martyrdom in general. Yet it is an admirable chronicle play.

In a few words the character of England, of Canterbury, in mediaeval times, is established. It is a character unattached to setting and costume. It is the pure character which exists specifically in the words of the drama. The rich setting of the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral enhances the effect, so that the attention of the audience is fixed from the moment the action begins. It is a production which breaks through the façade of pageant to provide another dimension. The difficulty of writing poetry in a contemporary idiom to interpret specific actions has foiled many writers who have not the long wind or the integrity. Mr. Eliot already approaches the medium in "Sweeney Agonistes" and in "The Rock." Though this play may be said to be specialised in character, it surpasses the others in its unity and its scope; and it demonstrates that the medium is a vital one.

Murder in the Cathedral opened with a chorus spoken by the Women of Canterbury ("we, the scrubbers and sweepers of Canterbury.") Technically the use of this was the outstanding feature of the play. Their oblique, yet objective, utterances seemed to mount the significance of the main theme, to supplement and develop it, to give pace and textural firmness to the verse. Under the direction of Miss Fogerty this chorus of eleven attained a remarkable clarity and control.

> Since golden October declined into sombre November
> And the apples were gathered and stored; and the land is brown
> sharp points of death in a waste of water and mud,
> The New Year waits, breathes, waits, whispers in darkness;
> When the labourer kicks off a muddy boot and stretches his hand
> to the fire,
> The New Year waits, destiny waits for the coming;
> Who has stretched out his hand to the fire and remembered the
> Saints at All Hallows,
> And remembered the martyrs and saints who wait? and who shall
> Stretch out his hand to the fire, and deny his master? who shall
> be warm
> By the fire, and deny his master?

The author's use of open running rhythm with sharp strokes of repetition and invocation conveyed a force in this Greek chorus which never dropped to the level of the eye-witness-account affairs common in the drama and pageantry of our time.

The theme of martyrdom and the foreknowledge, the vision anticipating the saintliness of Thomas were stressed as soon as the action of the first part of the play began. Four tempters appeared. Their (sometimes witty) wiles and their stern rejection by Thomas made an admirable piece of acting. Robert Speaight as the Archbishop performed this difficult scene with dignity and a very ordered passion.

After the Interlude there was a tedious, pedantic and slightly inaudible action performed by the Priests attached to Becket, meant, presumably, to convey the passage of time and the imminence of the murder. Then the four knights made an exciting entry through the aisle of the Chapter House. They had rather too much to say, for the author was at some pains to emphasise that they were instruments of the will of God—like the soldiers at the Crucifixion. Their exit and subsequent return with swords was an unfortunate sacrifice of dramatic force to historical accuracy.

The climax, however, of violence and spiritual martyrdom in the last scene was finely built. The killing was stylised in the manner of a mediaeval print: and the Chorus took up the burden of the theme, the objective theme of original sin and impending doom:—

> It is not we, it is not the house, it is not the city that is foul,
> But our world that is wholly defiled.
> Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind! take the stone from the stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle from the bone, and wash them. Wash the stone, wash the bone, wash the brain, wash the soul, wash them, wash them.

After an appeal to the audience by the murderers, speaking as one Englishman to another, which would have been better satire had it been sharper and shorter, the play closed with the funeral procession of Saint Thomas passing up the aisle and outside into the cloisters. This progress was accompanied at first by an impressive spoken chorus against a plainsong Te Deum, and finally by a chorus chanted by the whole company.

THE
PROBLEM OF CREDIT POLICY
BY
E. F. M. DURBIN, B.A.
(*Author of "Purchasing Power and Trade Depression"*)
10s. 6d.

Addressing himself primarily to economists and bankers, Mr. Durbin discusses the policy the banks should pursue in order to cure unemployment and to retain prosperity when once it is established, estimates *how* the volume of credit should be adapted to changes in the surrounding criteria and describes a system of statistical series by which bankers could automatically discover for themselves what is happening to industry. Finally he arrays the practical instruments of policy by which monetary movements can be controlled.

A detailed prospectus on application to
CHAPMAN & HALL LTD
11 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2

Mr. E. Martin Browne is to be congratulated upon his wonderful acting in a double part, but above all upon his handling of difficult entrances and exits with precision and dignity.

JOHN PUDNEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Shakespeare in Regent's Park

It is a very pleasant production of *Twelfth Night* at the Open-air Theatre in Regent's Park—one that will repay a visit, if only to show how remarkably the sound-engineers have improved their technique since Mr. Sydney Carroll began there two years ago. The howls and grunts which occasionally used to distress occupants of the cheaper seats have now vanished entirely, and in any part of the arena one can now see perfectly and hear without distortion. Mr. Carroll's team, if without any particular inspiration, is a good one. John Laurie's Aguecheek supplements Robert Atkins's Sir Toby satisfactorily, though the latter's hearty merriment is frequently meaningless. Baliol Holloway plays Malvolio a little too broadly, but his diction is magnificent, and one is in no mood to quarrel with fantasy in this setting. Miss Leslie Wareing is an actress of considerable charm and some talent, and her Viola, in its own restricted limits, is consistent and pleasing. Leslie French's Feste is a distinct (and melodious) asset, but the triumph of the evening—a triumph, oddly enough, of passionate intensity—is Miss Eileen Beldon's Maria. If ever an actress was worth writing plays for, here is one. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry has played Olivia before and her dignity and force are invaluable to the production.

Murder at the St. Martin's

One has a feeling that a better, if less profitable, play is lurking behind *The Two Mrs. Carroll's*. At one moment, Geoffrey Carroll, the artist, contemplates the beauty of death with such lyrical fervour that we would like to believe that the lead which turns up in his wife's nightly glass of hot milk has been placed there aesthetically. At another moment, stray hints suggest that he is murdering his wife because he cannot bear to contemplate the misery she will feel when he deserts her—a most interesting motive this. Neither, unfortunately, is developed. Geoffrey's former wife has endeavoured to safeguard her alimony and handicap his future love-life by securing his confession of certain experiments with hot milk that he had carried out during the last stages of their marriage. And when she arrives, suspecting the worst, there is nothing for it but straightforward, thick-ear melodrama. Apart from five minutes' mawkishness at the end, this is good, lively stuff, in which Leslie Banks exhibits a splendid fiendishness, and Elena Miramova provides unexpected agility and stifled screams at intervals. But it is all a little obvious and, within five minutes of the National Anthem, highly preposterous. Technically, the play suffers from the fact that Geoffrey's real nature is most painstakingly concealed for an act and a half, with a result of at least thirty minutes' flat tedium before things begin to move; but without the surprise of such a nice artist behaving so nastily it is hard to see how the life of the piece as a whole could be preserved. Miss Louise Hampton, as the first wife, shows beautiful tact and sincerity.

"Anything Goes" at the Palace

Everything goes. The "smartistic" entertainment of the 'twenties, which only Mr. Cochran could provide, has already gone. America now calls the tune, with no nonsense about art. But, surprisingly, the tune is not new. *Anything Goes* is the good old musical comedy, with jokes about curates, inane noblemen, the Chinese, mothers-in-law, mistaken identity, de-bagging and false beards, brought up to date with a gangster plot and enacted in mid-Atlantic at a speed which the 'twenties never touched. Wisecracks predominate over sex-appeal. The talent of the young ladies (and young gentlemen) is gymnastic rather than ornamental. The dresses are more snappy than decorative. The dialogue is witty and quick. The cast (Mademoiselle Jeanne Aubert as the ex-revivalist night club queen, Mr. Peter Haddon as a caricature of an Englishman "with a monocle in his throat," Mr. Sydney Howard as a Robey-ish gunman) is universally competent. But we miss the imaginative quality of the old Cochran show. The settings (like those of a straight play) lack the fantasy of Mr. Oliver Messel. The music (already, to its advantage, illegally familiarised by every band in London) lacks the melodic subtlety of Mr. Noel Coward. The ecclesiastical part-singing of the sailors' chorus is particularly uninspired. Mr. Cole Porter's lyric, "You're the Top," is a brilliant example of his catalogue technique (as in *Let's Do It*), but it was a pity to Anglicise it with feeble lines about Hyde Park Corner, Sir Harry Preston and the Crystal Palace. The revivalist theme was better done by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in the 'twenties. But *Anything Goes* is admirable entertainment of the slick variety. Clearly its type is being considerably influenced by the technique of the American film and the result is its principal asset—speed.

"The 39 Steps," at the New Gallery

This is a pleasant film and, except for the absence of Peter Lorre, a distinct improvement on Mr. Hitchcock's previous picture, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. It is more satisfactory if accepted as entertainment than when considered strictly in terms of technique and achievement. This in itself is probably a good thing, as all artistry on the films begins with competence, and the intelligent director looks two ways at once, keeping one eye in his camera-lens and the other on the box-office. Odd, therefore, that *The 39 Steps* should have been decked out with so many little filmic tricks that are either unpardonably clumsy or, if deliberate, downright tiresome. Such devices are only legitimate when successful: as, for example, when in this film a charwoman, discovering a corpse, opens her mouth to scream—and the next thing we hear and see is the whistle and the locomotive which signify the suspected murderer's bid for freedom. On the other hand, the first few shots, several obscured and artful foregrounds, and a couple of extremely awkward "cuts" taint the film with a peculiar dilettantism which, though less distressing, is akin to that amateur quality which has hitherto marred 90 per cent. of our talkies. This is a pity because, obviously with two good models (*The Spy* and *The Thin Man*) in mind, Mr. Hitchcock has here set out to give us a lively, gay and exciting picture. And for the most part, helped by the admirable performances of Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, after a slow and cumbrous opening, he succeeds in this attempt—and the narrative continues to run smoothly until the last of his variations of the original Buchan plot somewhat slackens the previous tension and disappoints the audience in the final sequences of the film. Generally speaking, then, as a coherent and quick entertainment, alternately flippant and exciting, here is an excellent British film to be getting on with; one which calls for slight improvement in its successors and, itself, for immediate success. But the fortieth step will be the one to watch.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 21st—
Sir Stafford Cripps on "The Crisis at Home and Abroad," Caxton Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, June 22nd—
Choral Ballet, "The Golden Goose" and Song, Dance and Mime, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 23rd—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Anti-Semitism," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, June 24th—
Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.

TUESDAY, June 25th—
Women's Co-operative Guild Annual Congress, Central Hall, Birmingham. Also on June 26th and 27th.
Ernst Toller on "The Failure of Pacifism in Germany," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mock Trial, London School of Economics, 5.30.

WEDNESDAY, June 26th—
"Hamlet" (Wilson Knight), Rudolf Steiner Hall, 8. Also on June 27th and 28th.
Barbara Low on "Psycho-Analysis and Rational Thinking," Le Play House, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.
Dance in aid of the Goswell Women's Welfare Centre, Bush House, Aldwych, 9–2 a.m. Tickets 5s.

THURSDAY, June 27th—
Flower Show, British Delphinium Society, New Horticultural Hall.
Peace Ballot. Announcement of Final Results of the Poll in Great Britain. Speeches by Viscount Cecil, Archbishop of Canterbury, Mrs. Corbett Ashby and others, Albert Hall, 8.
"Noah," New Theatre.

FRIDAY, June 28th—
National Peace Congress, Friends House, Euston Road. Till July 2nd.
University Labour Federation Dinner. Guest: Bertrand Russell. National Trade Union Club, 24 New Oxford Street, 7.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I do abominate seeing modern houses and modern furniture, or entering within the vortex of public places: I seek not company and noise; I turn not my head to look at a woman; for I leave London that I might see Nature in her wild, and most becoming attire: at pictures I could glut my eyes at my neighbour Angerstein's and satisfy them by staring at the beauties in Bond Street.

The above is not from the letter of a personal friend but from the second volume of the delightful *Torrington Diaries* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18*s*.), the first of which appeared last summer and was reviewed upon this page. The writer, the Hon. John Byng, afterwards Viscount Torrington, gives us the best picture of England at the end of the eighteenth century I have read. His summer recreation, when he could get away from Somerset House, was to travel about the country on his grey pony, carrying a small bundle with a couple of clean shirts wrapped up in his own pair of sheets, with his dog running before him, putting up at small inns—he preferred the second-class inns—and visiting every ruin, castle, great house, and remarkable natural feature of the neighbourhood through which he rode. Sometimes he went alone, or with a servant, and then he is apt to complain of lacking company; sometimes a friend joined his tour and then he complains much more—his companion stays out too late and won't get up early enough in the morning. Readers of the first volume will know how he glued into the pages of his tour the bills at every inn, or any advertisement that took his fancy—local playbills and notices of auctions—and these insertions add vividness and interest to his descriptions, and give us a picture of England a hundred and fifty years ago that makes one envious. The ground covered in this volume is the whole of the Midlands as well as Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lincoln. The part in which he stays longest is the stretch bounded by Biggleswade, Bedford, Huntingdon and Stamford, and his favourite inn the (still excellent) Haycock at Wansford where he fished. Owing however to his love for Gothic he did not even visit Kimbolton. Lincoln Cathedral seemed to him the finest he ever saw, "How superior to a lumbering Grecian St. Paul's," while Ely struck him as a shabby, ill-kept edifice. "Besides the centre dome what is there?" He had more feeling for natural beauty.

* * *

I come abroad to view old castles, old manors and old religious houses before they be quite gone; and that I may compare the ancient structures, and my ideas of their taste, and manners with the fashions of the present day: I enjoy a grove of venerable old oaks; feel transported at the sight of a wild waterfall; and taste the animation of a fox-hunter at the unkennelling of a fox, when I discover a castle, or a ruin.

Byng lived in the golden age for antiquaries. The ancient things were mouldering away unheeded, but they had not disappeared or been restored. Much was rapidly being destroyed. The state of Wingfield manor is typical:

Mr. Hatton the present owner has demolished this grandeur to help build his little meanness, having taken up the flooring of the fine old vaulted cellars and strip't off the lead that roof'd the hall.

And at his next stop, Bramhall Hall, he looked over the ancient chapel, with its library of chained books, just as the woodwork was being smeared with stucco, and was taken up into an old gallery from which he longed to carry off at least one old stirrup; "now they with the old bridles, armour and books will be consigned to the dunghill." He did not scruple to purloin what he knew would otherwise perish, and from Haddon Hall carried off a sword which had been worn by the Vernons, perhaps at Agincourt. He picked up old stained glass wherever he went, and inquired, usually unsuccessfully, for old books. The Macclesfield bookseller answered with contempt: "whenever he got such he tore them up for covers." Byng's interests, however, were by no means limited to ruins: he described everything he saw, the people he met and the changes that were taking place, though he did not often approve of them. Thus the enclosures, which seemed so admirable to Arthur Young, appeared to Byng to involve the ruin of the cottagers, and he reports the following conversation with an old woman:

(B) Has Meriden Common been long enclosed? (W.) Ah, lackaday, Sr, that was a sad job; and ruined all us poor volk: and those who then gave in to it now repent it. (B.) Why so? (W.) Because we had our garden, our bees, our share of a flock of sheep, the feeding of our geese; and could cut turf for our fuel. Now that is all gone! Our cottage, as good a one as this, we gave but fifty shillings a year for; and for this we are obliged to pay £9 10*s*. and without any ground: . . .

HEAR THIS, YE PITIERS OF MONEY-BEGUMS.
HEAR THIS, YE FREERS OF BLACK SLAVES.
HEAR THIS, YE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE.

* * *

After seeing Arkwright's cotton mills he reflects that perhaps he should not repine at the increase of our trade and population, though the vales had lost all their beauty and every rural sound had been lost in the clamour of the cotton works. Arthur Young, writing a few years before, was enthusiastic for every change and gloated over the beginnings of the industrial revolution. Watt and Arkwright were his heroes, as well as Bakewell the famous stock-breeder. Byng, having no political theory and not being an economist, got much nearer to the truth when he reflected, on first visiting Manchester:

Here let me (ignorantly perhaps) impetuously state my wishes, that trade was unknown . . . Who but a merchant could live in such a hole; where the slave working and drinking a short life out, is eternally realing before you from fatigue or drunkeness.

He was equally critical of the things of which he knew most. Thus, though he had been a Lieutenant-Colonel in the guards, he scarcely ever speaks of soldiers without dislike and contempt and is always irritated when he hears "their noisy, useless music and drumming," which he considers must be very unpleasant for the inhabitants of the towns where they are quartered and he is disgusted when he finds recruiting parties "trying to inveigle the happy industrious into idle miseries." Yet he had often "played Captain Plume himself." This, by the way, is not the only reference to Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, which seems to have been one of his favourite plays.

Byng gives a delightful good-tempered account of a journey by coach with a party of women dress-makers and a fat cook when he was "so bodkin'd and surrounded by high and wide flat caps that he could neither stir or breath, or see out of the windows." He enjoyed that as an experience though he complains frequently of being forced into company that he dislikes.

What am I? Am I too old? Too eccentric? Or too observant? I hope neither; but I require warmth, genuine wine and regular hours . . . drag me not from my desk and my fireside, to polite conversation and cold rooms. Besides there are two topics I abhor, viz., politics and children; of the one few will talk calmly; and of the other none can know nor feel, but those who have *long endured*.

Byng was the father of thirteen, so it is little wonder that the subject had grown too big for words. He was an affectionate father and obviously fond of his tenth, Frederick (Poodle) Byng.

I and Frek arose early; and were quickly busied in the garden at the currants and gooseberries; there is a pleasure in wholesomely stuffing these little hogs.

A chief reason for the tours must have been to enable him to escape from a wife who had a life-long devotion to William Windham and whose continual illness did not prevent her outliving her husband by ten years. Mrs. Byng's appearance in the earlier volume did much to spoil the reader's pleasure and hamper Byng's activity; here she comes in less. But we owe her a debt of gratitude. If she had been another sort of woman, Byng would not have left home so often or felt new life and interest in everything when he escaped. But I am on the verge of too large a subject; if authors owe much to their wives, their readers may owe even more. If it had not been for Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare might never have left Stratford.

DAVID GARNETT

RILKE IN ENGLISH

Requiem and Other Poems. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. Translated with an Introduction by J. B. LEISHMAN. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Last year Mr. J. B. Leishman translated a small selection of Rilke's poems into English (Hogarth Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*). They were taken mostly from *Buch der Bilder* and *Neue Gedichte*, and gave the reader for whom this was a first contact with Rilke a faint and tantalising taste of his poetry. All the elements of Rilke, no doubt, were there: his mysticism, his conception of love and death, his neurasthenia, the swift and delicately surprising imagery of his mature art; but the effect of the little volume was to make him appear lighter and, in a fashionable sense, more "modern" than he really is. Mr. Leishman had preferred the simpler descriptive pieces, those in which a moment or a scene was exquisitely or freshly caught:

> There where the line of cottages grows thin,
> And the new narrow-chested houses thrust
> Through crazy scaffolding and choking dust
> To ask each other where the fields begin:
>
> Pale and half-hearted there the spring remains;
> Summer is feverish behind plank and paling;
> Children and cherry-trees are always ailing;
> Autumn alone there something still retains
>
> Distant and reconciling. . . .

This was the first poem of the book; it gave a delightful but perhaps slightly misleading impression which the other pieces in his selection did not contradict. The point was, I imagine, that in offering a selection from a little-known and difficult poet, the translator had to dangle a tempting bait before the small public that still reads poetry in England; and the easiest way to catch readers was by means of something that looked new and not too difficult.

Requiem and Other Poems is more solid, a definite advance. It contains a biographical and critical introduction of nearly seventy pages followed by translations from *Neue Gedichte*, *Requiem*, *Sonette an Orpheus* (first series), *Letzte Gedichte und Fragmentarisches*—forty-six poems in all. We cannot complain of this second volume that it shirks the task of presenting us with the essential Rilke, for many of the poems printed here—the sequence of sonnets to Orpheus, for example—are among his finest work, achieved after years of struggle when he was hardening his experience to meet his inspiration. The influences in his life were all directed towards this *hardening* which he felt was necessary to lift him out of a weak and eccentric romanticism. Mr. Leishman quotes a number of passages from his letters which throw light on his poetic education. Jacobsen's *Niels Lyhne* profoundly affected him as a young man, and the following passage from the novel shows how closely the fiction fitted his own case:

> A poet was to be made out of Niels Lyhne, and in the external conditions of his life there had also been sufficient to lead his own inclinations in this direction, sufficient to draw the attention of his faculties to such a task; but till now he had had hardly any other foundation for becoming a poet than his dreams, and nothing is more uniform, more monotonous than fantasy. . . . That was why Niels Lyhne had on the whole written his poetry out of an aesthetic personality that found spring abundant, the sea vast, love erotic and death melancholy. He himself had not got any further by means of his poetry, he only made the poems. . . . He had been too busy adorning himself with what he lacked to have time to notice what he possessed; but now with the passion of a discoverer he began to gather himself together out of the memories and impressions of his childhood, out of the vivid moments of his life, and with happy astonishment he saw how it fitted together, piece by piece, and built itself up into a quite differently intimate personality from the one he had run after in his dreams. . . .

It exactly describes what happened to him afterwards. Rilke laboriously effected the transformation in himself; his early visits to Russia, his marriage, his devotion to Rodin and life in Paris all worked in the same direction. He wrote *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, in which various eccentricities are pushed to an extreme (out of the effort to isolate a central personality—that of the poet) and for this reason the book falls short of being a masterpiece, though it was a vital step, an act almost of purification, in his development. Paris, animated and stinking of decay, was the supreme test; he returned to face it again and again, but always with horror:

> . . . The numerous hospitals, which are everywhere here, trouble me. I understand why they continually appear in Verlaine, in Baudelaire and Mallarmé. One sees invalids, walking or driving to them, in every street. One sees them at the windows of the Hôtel-Dieu in their curious uniforms, the sad pale uniforms of the Order of Sickness. One feels all of a sudden that in this wide city there are hosts of invalids, armies of dying, nations of dead.

The poet should be able to contemplate this spectacle calmly: hence partly his admiration for Baudelaire, for a saintly asceticism in art. He writes in a letter to his wife:

> You surely remember . . . that passage from the Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge about Baudelaire and his poem, "La Charogne." I could not help thinking that without this poem the whole development towards objective statement, which we now think we recognise in Cézanne, could never have begun; that poem in its inexorability had to be there first. Artistic observation had first to make such a conquest of itself as to be able to see even in the horrible and apparently only repulsive that existence which, together with all other existence *has value*. Aversion from any kind of existence is as little permitted to the creator as selection; a single withdrawal at any time thrusts him from the state of grace. . . . Behind this devotion, in a small way at first, begins holiness.

Rilke has certain qualities, personal and poetic, in common with Baudelaire; we can understand his reverence for the French poet. What of Rodin, an even more important influence? The alliance seems incongruous. But it must be remembered that Rilke always sought the example of great artists, and as Jacobsen had held the mirror up to him in youth, as later Baudelaire was his ideal of the sensitive artist unappalled by life, so Rodin appeared to him with the happiness, simplicity and majestic calm of a great creator. Baudelaire triumphed over the decay and corruption of Paris as Rilke himself would have liked to; Rodin was apart, "carving a hand in space." What he learnt from Rodin during his years of secretaryship, besides the inspiration of seeing the sculptor at work, was the value of externality in art and the need for an artist to be working every minute of his life. "Il faut *toujours* travailler, et non seulement avec l'inspiration," said Rodin; and to Rilke, who between his bouts of activity was liable to periods of neurasthenic drift, the advice was invaluable.

As a poet Rilke lacks the iron control of Baudelaire, but in its place there is a magic of style and depth of thought which put him, I think, on the same level; the better comparison perhaps would be with Mallarmé; his vision, despite the pre-occupation with painting and sculpture, is predominantly musical. But like Baudelaire, he strikes us first by his strangeness, while the more we read of him the further the eccentricities fall away, and in fifty years it is quite possible that he will hold a position in European literature similar to that which is occupied by Baudelaire to-day.

I can recommend Mr. Leishman's essay as a good piece of criticism which is informative and makes an admirable use of quotation. The introduction excites; the poems, when we come to them, disappoint. Mr. Leishman has not tried to find an equivalent for Rilke's style, and perhaps wisely he has plumped where possible for literalness rather than for a paraphrase which would go more smoothly. He would not pretend, I am sure, that these verses are more than stepping-stones, and something of Rilke comes across. I quote his "Archaic Torso of Apollo," in which it seems to me he has had fair success:

> Although we never knew his lyric head
> from which the eyes looked out so piercing clear,
> his torso glows still like a chandelier
> in which his gaze, only turned down, not dead,
>
> persists and burns. If not, how could the surge
> of the breast blind you, or in the gentle turning
> of the thighs a smile keep passing and returning
> towards that centre where the seeds converge?
>
> If not, this stone would stand all uncompact
> beneath the shoulders' shining cataract
> and would not glisten with that wild beast grace
>
> and would not burst from every rift as rife
> as sky with stars: for here there is no place
> that does not see you. You must change your life.

A number of faults could be found with these lines, and with the other poems in the book, but on the whole, Mr. Leishman has done his work adequately. He is weakest in the blank verse of *Requiem*, full of awkward lines; the remarkable Orpheus sonnets, despite unevennesses and several mistranslations, remain impressive. The difficulties of translating Rilke in rhyme would seem to be almost insuperable. It is the merit of volumes such as Mr. Leishman's that they direct us to the original, and for those of us whose German is sluggish some prodding is needed.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Forsytes, Pendyces, and Others. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Printed Cotton. By CHRISTINE LONGFORD. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
Back Chat. By BARBARA BACK. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Linda. By NETTA SYRETT. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.
Follow Thy Fair Sun. By VIOLA MEYNELL. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Half Way East. By DAVID FOOTMAN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Polycarp's Progress. By VICTOR CANNING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Anyone who has penetrated among the eminent in English letters will have been struck by the increasing lack of talent, equalled only by the lack of conviction, which rarefies the atmosphere of our island Parnassus. After a visit to these amiable ruins one returns staggered by the inscrutable success of their books, till one remembers that the reading public, once attuned to a certain kind of bad work, does not like an author to attempt anything different.

There comes a time, however, when the mechanical reproduction of the second-rate should be curtailed, and till recently, the consensus of opinion has regarded an author's death as the reasonable moment at which his literary activity should draw to a close.

Nowadays many writers do not agree with this, and Galsworthy is of their number. All the same I think *Forsytes, Pendyces, and Others* is a mistake. This is not the time to discuss at length his claims as a writer, but I think Lawrence's analysis of him in *Scrutinies* will hold good.

> Now it looks as if Mr. Galsworthy set out to make that very point: to show that the Forsytes were not full human individuals but social beings fallen to a lower level of life. They have lost that bit of free manhood and free womanhood which makes men and women. *The Man of Property* has the elements of very great satire, of a very great novel. It sets out to reveal the social being in all his strength and inferiority. But the author has not the courage to carry it through. . . . it seems to be a real effort to show up the social being in all his weirdness. And then it fizzles out. . . . He might have been the surgeon the modern soul needs so badly, to cut away the proud flesh of our Forsytes from the living body of men who are fully alive. Instead, he put down the knife and laid on a soft, sentimental poultice, and helped to make the corruption worse. . . .
>
> The later novels are purely commercial, and, if it had not been for the early novels, of no importance. They are popular, they sell well, and there's the end of them. They contain the explosive powder of the first books in minute quantities, fizzling as silly squibs. When you arrive at *To Let*, and at the end, at least the promised end, of the Forsytes, what have you? Just money! Money, money, money and a certain snobbish silliness. Nothing else. The story is feeble, the characters have no blood and bones, the emotions are faked. It is one great fake.

In this book is given *Danae*, which formed originally the opening of the *Country House*. It is witty, fierce, and penetrating—a critic in 1909 called him "diabolically clever—just as, to-day, they might call you or me. There follow several stories of his later period, which have that unreal quality of those efforts, in the nineties, of writers to describe charwomen at dinner with Dutch accuracy and a fastidious attention to the *mot juste*. Finally there are some criticisms, appreciations of Shakespeare, Stacey Aumonier, Dickens, Masefield, Tolstoy and R. H. Mottram, and a "Homage to Anatole France"—

> Flaubert, Maupassant, Anatole France—of the three he was most potent.

Altogether it is a sad business, mere genteel appreciations and consciously pathetic stories. I do not recommend them to you, reader, but may they serve to discourage his colleagues—those who are still jobbing and jockeying for the royalties of the day and the limelight of the tomb—the industrious dead.

Lady Longford is an uneven writer. *Making Conversation* was essentially a promising book. *Country Places* I thought a very amusing novel; smooth, satirical, agreeably tough, and with appealing traces of lyricism. *Mr. Jiggins* also was amusing and readable though rather more self-conscious. Now comes *Printed Cotton*, in which I am afraid the authoress has just gone back to being promising again. It is clear that she suffers from the contemporary novelist's total inability to invent anything. After all, only the greatest novelists can invent. But if you don't invent you must wait till sufficient things have happened to you or your friends before you write another book—and the publishers won't let you. Lady Longford has tried to solve the problem by re-writing her first book in terms of Irish instead of English civilisation—Dublin for London, Trinity for Oxford, etc. She has also tried vaguely to create a character, and has consequently borrowed a style which is not quite her own but consists of her simple, observant, and rather charmingly peevish humour, overlaid by the false naivety of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. *Printed Cotton* is a picture of contemporary Irish society, the county families gaping like fish in the bottom of a boat, the doctors and civil servants forming a new self-conscious middle class, and the intellectuals ranting away in cellars. It would be hard to imagine anywhere more thin, dingy and provincial than Lady Longford's Dublin; it is clear that nothing can save that island except being towed wholesale to the Mediterranean. Envy, stupidity, obstinacy and snobbery reign there, a land of constipating turkeys and hams, and the anaphrodisiac potato.

This is a book to get from the library if you enjoy reading about Ireland. It is extremely entertaining, but it must be the last of its kind that the author, if she values her talent, should attempt. Her lamp has a small clear wick, but it can't be wound down any lower.

Back Chat is a vulgar book. There are only two offensive things a critic can say about a book—that it is dead, and that it is vulgar. This is true of people too. We are all busy calling each other dead at present, and I very much enjoy doing it myself. I see that Mr. Eliot, in an interview with a New Zealand journalist, has called the novel dead and said that the future of English literature lies with the radio drama. I do not think the novel is dead; I suppose I am paid not to think so, but I do think that eight out of every nine novels that come out are so many more pins stuck in the wax image of fiction, so many more twists to the neck of the goose that lays the golden eggs. This week Netta Syrett with *Linda* and Viola Meynell wth *Follow Thy Fair Sun* have done their bit towards it, and next week, no doubt, there will be many more. Meanwhile we do not hear enough about less prolific novelists, E. M. Forster, Rosamund Lehmann, Clifford Kitchen, John Metcalfe. They have been silent too long—and this goes also for the mysterious Henry Green.

I forgot to say that, taking effect from to-day, the radio-drama is dead too.

The
Hawthornden Prize Winner
of 1934

I, CLAUDIUS
and
CLAUDIUS
THE GOD

by
Robert Graves

Published by
ARTHUR BARKER

"As a writer of short stories Barbara Back is as smart as the society she writes about"—but it is not on account of the shop-soiled Mayfair people in these stories that they are vulgar, but because they are written for vulgar readers. If you write for fashionable magazines it will not affect you at first, especially if you stick to unfashionable subjects, ultimately however you will acquire a public, and you will please that public by treating them to keyhole pictures of a world they cannot enter, though you, of course pretend they can. When you affect to despise this world, the smell is rather worse; it was a smell strong enough to submerge the melancholy dandyism of Arlen, and it becomes nauseating in the brassy hands of Mrs. Back. One has the impression of lunching in a crowded restaurant where all the women are selling each other things and where the waiters blow down one's back and quarrel in undertones. "That's my Mayfair for you," the stories scream, "and don't tell me you wouldn't change places."

Half Way East is a book of short stories very much in the manner of Somerset Maugham. It is a tribute to his manner that it stands up well to imitation; one is not irritated by the borrowings, the use of the first person singular, the simple direct style, the emotional climaxes, the preoccupation with ordinary and rather inarticulate people. But Mr. Footman is clearly detached, mature, tolerant, observant, and madly curious about other people. The stories are about the English colony in a Balkan capital, the kind of city where one spends two days of furious sightseeing and a night in a variety of places seen through the haze of the local liqueur. But there are people who live there ten or fifteen years and whom one perhaps notices growling at one in the hotel bar. These are the stuff of Mr. Footman's stories and I commend them as extremely readable and authentic entertainment for anyone who has enjoyed the Balkans, their divine cigarettes, their passport offices, their innumerable night boxes and their Turkish cafés under the planes.

Polycarp's Progress is an *Evening Standard* book of the month.

> At that moment Polycarp's one desire was symbolised by the word sausages. He sat on the wall and thought of the ways sausages had been served to him in the past. The dishes passed slowly before him, bringing a saliva to his empty mouth. Sausages in rich brown gravy and surrounded by flocculent clouds of creamy mashed potatoes; sausages neatly encased in tender layers of flaky pastry; sausages mixed in pleasant depths of batter; sausages whose skins were . . . .

"I just got as far as 'flocculent' and I offered him a J. B. P. good companionship of Middlebrow," said Mr. Mossbross, "and Mr. Howard Spring has also consecrated to him, I see, one of his exquisite *jeudis!*"

CYRIL CONNOLLY

PROXIME ACCESSIT

Lord Brougham. By G. T. GARRATT. *Macmillan.* 15s.

"Brougham just failed to earn his niche in the temple of literature"; and in politics, where he earned his niche, it was not the right one, and hardly could be, for he fitted in nowhere. There is something peculiarly unsatisfactory and inconclusive about the life and life's work of this man who at one time loomed so big in the eyes of his countrymen, and yet could be shelved by the verdict of a Lord Melbourne. There have been many delayed careers in British politics—Chatham and Disraeli are outstanding cases; but of a career frustrated like Brougham's there is probably no other example. He first entered upon office at the age of 52, burst upon it as Lord Chancellor, and four years later passed into the half-light from which he was never to emerge again. For some reason no one stretched out a hand to him or felt like recalling him, and he himself could not find his way back to life.

"Descent to the Woolsack," Mr. Garratt calls Brougham's rise to office. Descent—from what? From the position of a popular leader without a firm platform or clearly defined associations, whose chief demands were universal education and cheap justice—admirable things, no doubt, but hardly battle cries with which to rally the masses. It seems to have been Brougham's tragedy that his ideas were sensible and moderate, but he himself was impracticable and very difficult to deal with. With the Radicals he did not get on any better than with the Whig aristocracy, and the ease with which, in spite of a certain realism, he slid down into the doctrinaire economic orthodoxy of his age, makes one doubt whether he would have achieved much, even had he kept out of the House of Lords. Greville thought that he might have dominated the scene and ensured

> his being dreaded, courted and consulted by all parties. He would have then gratified his vanity, ambition and turbulence; the Bar would have supplied fortune, and events would have supplied enjoyments suited to his temperament; it would have been a sort of madness, mischievous but splendid.
>
> As it is, the joy is great and universal; all men feel that he is emasculated, and drops on the Woolsack as on his political death-bed; once in the House of Lords there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm and thunder without hurting anybody.

But are the visions of frightened Conservatives a reliable measure of the capacities of their opponents? Is it certain that there was in Brougham that force, consistency, and popular appeal "out of doors," which can make a lonely fighter into a power? Did he *e.g.* ever show any understanding of the Chartist movement, that expression of popular disenchantment over middle-class reform, and could he have turned it into productive channels? The impression left by Mr. Garratt's book is that, with more aptitude for team work, Brougham might have been an extremely useful and efficient practical reformer, but that he had not the makings of a popular leader. Why did he hang on to the Whigs for so many years, in an age when most politicians were changing parties? Why, none the less, did he acquire so few real friends among them? There were curious contradictions in his views and character, "crotchets" and some signal weaknesses. To Brougham in his title that Radical added Vaux, on the basis of "some fantastic family claim to an ancient barony by descent through the female line," and became *Vaux et praeterea nihil*.

Mr. Garratt has put the problem of Brougham's failure but has hardly supplied the solution which, as in the case of Burke, should be sought in the man himself—the talk about Whig families, their exclusiveness, and the treatment extended by "amateurs" in politics to "professionals," is facile and unconvincing. There were men whose start was not better than Brougham's and who succeeded—had Disraeli failed, no other end would have been thought possible for the freakish exploits of the fantastic Jew. It is perhaps the chief mistake of Mr. Garratt's otherwise admirable book that he has shifted the burden of Brougham's failure from his person to his surroundings, which is the more regrettable as it implies a shifting of the problem from a subject with which Mr. Garratt is familiar to one with which he has only a distant, second-hand acquaintance.

A historian should refrain from making statements about ascertainable facts which he has not taken the time or trouble to ascertain; Mr. Garratt in compiling his "background" frequently offends against this rule. Here are two examples, each small in appearance, and yet important for the scene in which Brougham is set: On p. 120, Mr. Garratt speaks of the "indiscriminate distribution of peerages" by the younger Pitt, and on p. 254, of "the new rich who had been freely raised to the peerage" by him—obviously the doom of the aristocracy had come. But had Mr. Garratt looked at the list of Pitt's peerages, he would have found only one single business man in it—and this one hardly "a new rich" (Smith-Carrington); and he would also have found in it the peerage of Lord Grey, to him almost the pattern of a haughty aristocrat, and further those of Harewood, Lonsdale, Bradford, Braybrooke, Wodehouse, Curzon, Ribblesdale, etc. The number of peers created between 1784 and 1805 is double that of 1761–84; but representatives of the old landed families form a much higher percentage among them than among those of the preceding period.

Again, after having stated on p. 254 that Grey "looked upon Parliamentary reform as the only method of saving aristocratic rule" (close boroughs could be bought by the new rich, but Grey "knew that in the counties and the 'open' constituencies the old Whig landed families would still have every prospect of success, owing to their experience and local connections"), on p. 281 Mr. Garratt reverts to the orthodox and incorrect description of the first Reformed Parliament as a middle-class and matured assembly: "The average age was older, 'full twenty years older than any that had preceded it.'" This statement, quoted from Le Marchant, is patently absurd. More than half of those who had sat at the dissolution in 1832 were re-elected, which would make the average age of the other part rise, on the above basis, by at least forty years—if in 1832 it was 40, it would now have to be over 80! And here is another test: I have ascertained the age of the Members elected in 1761, and Mr. L. V. Sumner of those elected in 1818, and for these two Parliaments, at a distance of almost sixty years, we have obtained the same average age of slightly

H. G. WELLS

The New America : The New World

"This is a grand book. . . . Mr. Wells is Public Critic Number One, and this is Wells at his best."

NEWS CHRONICLE

"as good . . . . as anything of the kind he has ever done."

THE TIMES

"As brilliant as anything Mr. Wells has ever done and, perhaps, more far-reaching in its effect."

THE OBSERVER

". . . . this stimulating little book."

THE DAILY MAIL

2/6 net

CRESSET PRESS

over 44. Assuming that these were the oldest Parliaments among those "that had preceded," the average age in 1833 would have to be "full" 64, i.e., Members under fifty would have to be balanced by octogenarians, and under 30, by centenarians!

In the game of history writing there are (certainly no less than in that of politics) "amateurs" and "professionals," and the big prizes go to the amateurs, for their works are considered more attractive and more readable; and such a book as Mr. Garratt's, written with marked ability and a useful experience of contemporary politics and administration, deserves success. But as a "professional," I should like to say to the "amateurs": In writing your biographies, keep to what you can get to know in your easy way, place your men against a plain background, as is done by modern photographers, and eschew the portable palm trees, cardboard balustrades, and painted volcanoes, so dear to photographers of forty years ago. L. B. NAMIER

THE MINOANS

The Palace of Minos at Knossos. By SIR ARTHUR EVANS. Vol. IV. *Macmillan.* 9 *guineas.*

Sir Arthur Evans has completed his account of Knossos just forty years after his first explorations of the site. Only archaeologists can critically appreciate his ingenuity, learning and imagination; the rest of us have to be content with saluting him as one of the great discoverers. Until this century, Crete was considered an island of little historical importance, the scene merely of a few empty legends. We now know that from *circa* 2000 B.C. a people using bronze were here developing elaborate ways of life and that during the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C. they secured a monopoly of sea-power and, consequently, of sea trade in the Mediterranean, which carried their cultural influence as far as Palestine, Thessaly and Italy. Since their writing has not been deciphered, they still belong to pre-history, and our knowledge of their political organisation and religious beliefs must remain largely conjectural. But surviving examples of their visual art reveal the earliest European civilisation, European not only geographically, I think, but also in the attitude it implies towards reality.

Knossos, so far as picturesqueness is concerned, must be disappointing to the connoisseur of ruins. There are no colossal statues, no audacious vaults, no tall harmonious columns. Moreover, the reconstructions erected only disfigure such picturesqueness as the site affords. But if you come to it after visiting Karnak and Persepolis, you become aware of a liveliness or elasticity of imagination absent from the monotonous magnificence of those immense remains. Egypt and Persia subdued remote and various peoples, as it were without noticing them: there was something static, incurious and mortally rigid about these continental civilisations, as revealed in their art. Admiration gradually turns to dismay at the hardness alike of the Egyptian and the Persian reliefs. In Crete, on the other hand, and for the first time, we seem to recognise an extraverted people, fascinated by the variety of phenomena presented to their eyes and apparently responding to it with a disinterested curiosity. It is likely indeed that this quality, which we consider to be specifically European and which we have inherited from the Greeks, was taken in turn by them from the Minoans. There is an interval between the two civilisations the history of which is obscure. Minoan civilisation in a modified form survived as Mycenean among the Achaeans only till the Dorian invasion about the beginning of the first millennium. (It is ironical that "Philistine" has come to mean unaesthetic and incurious when we consider that the Philistines were, if not Minoans, deeply imbued with Minoan culture and were prodigiously more civilised than the Chosen People who eventually subdued them.) But it was from the Minoans that the Greeks inherited their use of wine and oil, their seamanship and their love of athletics. Among the Cretan words which passed into Greek and then into English are *wine*, *pea*, *mint*, *narcissus*, *hyacinth*, *sponge*, *sack*, *sandal* and *purple*. M. Glotz summarises the history of this continuing Minoan tradition in the following admirable parallel in his *Civilisation Egéenne*:

> La soumission de la Crète aux Achéens, c'était la conquête de la Grèce par Rome, *capta ferum victorem cepit;* l'arrivée des Doriens, c'est l'invasion des barbares, c'est le moyen age, en attendant la Renaissance.

The concluding volume of Sir Arthur Evans's great work is full of interest. The figurine of a boy-god with a shorn head is greatly superior to the goddess in Toreador costume also in this volume and the similar male figure illustrated in a previous volume. It appears in photographs, indeed, to be the most beautiful piece of Minoan sculpture known to us. The camp-stool frescoes are interesting for the long and, as it were, effeminate costumes of the young men, suggestive of Syrian influence. The Wingless Griffin frescoes (which are later) are much more formalised and rigid, suggesting Egyptian influence. At the same time Sir Arthur Evans points out a resemblance in treatment between them and some Tell el-Amarna work. Already in the second volume he has pointed out another such resemblance, and it is an interesting hypothesis that when Akhnaton sought for artists capable of greater realism these looked to Minoan art for instruction. Is it possible that some of them were actually Cretan—the destruction of Knossos probably occurred only a few years before Akhnaton's reign? Another curious object is the gypsum throne from the priests' room (it has been previously published), because of the parabolic arch which, as it were, supports it. In a previous volume, Sir Arthur points out that the water-runnels were cunningly arranged in parabolic curves to control the speed of the supply. This use of the parabola seems extremely surprising in such early work. The "Ring of Minos" from the priests' tomb which is the most important recent discovery at Knossos is another aesthetically most curious object with its Baroque design of distorted nudes which remind one of the last great Cretan artist, El Greco. Sir Arthur now seems to think that the destruction of Knossos was due entirely to an earthquake, followed by a fire. Capture by enemies, the hypothesis most generally entertained, he dismisses as unlikely, and he does not repeat the suggestion he previously made of an insurrection by submerged elements. He now puts forward the possibility that the earthquake of 1400 finally convinced the Minoans that Knossos was no place to live in and that consequently they transferred the seat of the Government to the mainland. But what exactly the relation was between Knossos and Mycenae still seems obscure. Were the Myceneans Cretans who adopted Achaean customs from the people around them, or were they Achaeans who adopted the superior culture of Crete? The history of Hellas before the Hellenes bristles with problems. In this volume, Sir Arthur reproduces a mass of the Minoan writing with ingenious explanations of certain signs. But without the discovery of some bilingual inscription, the likelihood of the Cretan language being deciphered seems extremely remote. Here is a people whose insular security enabled them to reach a high state of sophistication. Presumably their small numbers made them eventually defenceless against the peoples who descended on the Mediterranean from the North. But their later art shows a state of ossification, as it were, of the imagination. They no longer draw with their eye on the object. They repeat motives, making them more and more geometrical until, as in the game of Russian scandal, the original is unrecognisable: the tentacles of the octopus have become mere spirals. Such stylisation is not necessarily less aesthetic but it does suggest some diminution in vitality. The curiosity which one detects in Knossos gradually declines there, and at last fades away at Mycenae.

It is difficult to generalise about Minoan art and dangerous even to assert that one period in it is the best. The middle Minoan polychrome pottery as illustrated in this volume is of extreme beauty. On the other hand, the more naturalistic style often produces peculiarly unpleasant results. The comparative absence of stylisation may well have been advantageous to the sensitive artist while allowing the majority of craftsmen a licence too great for them. At its worst Minoan art has a vulgarity unparalleled in early art, reminding us of the Victorian and *art nouveau* styles: a jewel illustrated in this volume might be signed "Lalique, 1895." Such naturalism is more repulsive even than the meaningless formalism of work such as emerged from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Sir Arthur Evans shows that the pursuit of naturalism led to actual moulding of natural forms in ceramics.

Certain forms, particularly the cone, had a special fascination for the Minoans. Their columns are conical, so are many of their vases—for a vase it is obviously a most inconvenient shape—and even their bodies were made as conical as possible. A belt, presumably of metal, was used to produce wasp waists in both sexes, and the women wore crinolines and puffed shoulders to increase the doubly conical effect of an hour-glass silhouette. The art of Crete is comparable most evidently with that of Japan. There is the same fondness for small scale and for the more surprising aspects of nature. There is the same two-dimensional realism, sometimes delicate, sometimes merely finicky. The

Life Quest

RICHARD ALDINGTON

A new poem

6s. and 3s 6d. net

❁

Poems of Tomorrow

An Anthology of Contemporary Verse, chosen from *The Listener* by JANET ADAM SMITH

5s. net

❁

Poems

WILLIAM EMPSON

"Mr. Empson's importance is that he is a very intelligent man with an intense interest, not only in emotions and words, but also in ideas and the sciences" F. R. LEAVIS: *New Bearings in English Poetry.*

6s. net

CHATTO & WINDUS

40-42 Chandos Street

London, W.C.2

DOLLFUSS & HIS TIMES

by J. D. GREGORY

Author of "On the Edge of Diplomacy"

"J. D. Gregory's remarkable study . . . brilliantly written. . . . His crowded and valuable book."—*Times.* "The most considerable work which has yet appeared in English on post-war Austria."—*Daily Telegraph.* 31 *illustrations* 18/-

HUTCHINSON's new BOOKS

M. PALÉOLOGUE's *The TURNING POINT*

THREE CRITICAL YEARS, 1904-1906

"It is the outstanding merit of M. Paléologue's brilliant descriptive style that his reader is made to feel as if he had himself been behind the scenes of European diplomacy."—*Times.* *Illustrated* 18/-

2nd impression at press

FRONT EVERYWHERE

by J. M. N. JEFFRIES, the famous special correspondent

"These are no ordinary journalist's memoirs, but the story of a man who has seen history being made."—*Sphere.* *Illus.* 18/-

DEVIL's DIPLOMATS

by OPERATOR 1384

"Desert fights, beard-burning, the creeping death, a Legion's captain's murder of his wife and her lover—all provide their quota for Operator 1384 to produce a gripping volume."—*Manch. Evening News.* *Illustrated* 12/6

STRANGE STREET

by A. BEVERLEY BAXTER

"Brilliantly written . . . a notable and unusual autobiography."—*Morning Post.* *Illustrated* 18/-

Lady BEACONSFIELD

3rd impression. *by F. E. BAILY* *Illustrated* 18/-

AFRICAN LOG *by SHAW DESMOND*

"A virile, vivid book."—*Mng. Post.* 63 *Illustrations.* 18/-

SIX PORTRAITS *by ISABEL C. CLARKE*

"Admirably drawn portraits."—*Telegraph.* *Illustrated* 18/-

Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL's *My 30 YEARS of SPEED*

"A succession of bouts with death."—*Times.*

50 *Illustrations.* 10/6

HUTCHINSON

Knossos frescoes, it must be said, are far better than a first glance at them would suggest. For the surviving fragments have been completed by Monsieur E. Gilliéron *fils*, who no doubt has a flair for reconstructing the general subject, but whose drawing is painfully insensitive. His replicas may interest the archaeologist as representations of Minoan life, but aesthetically they are misleading and libellous. It is most regrettable that we are unable to see the fragments uncompleted, with these reconstructions by their side as a help to the imagination. The Harvesters vase from Haghia Triada shows that a remarkable power of composition did exist in Crete.

We still await an authoritative volume on Minoan art, for some of the best objects come not from Knossos, but from other sites, such as the Island of Melos. In the meanwhile, it is impossible to exaggerate our debt to Sir Arthur Evans; and the aesthete as well as the archaeologist will find this great book, now at last completed, packed with fascinating reproductions and productive of curious speculations. RAYMOND MORTIMER

DEMOCRACY

In Defence of Democracy. By J. S. FULTON and C. R. MORRIS. *Methuen.* 5s.

This attractive book is the best exposition of its subject that has been published in recent years. Its value lies in the fact that it recognises the strength of the case made against democracy by its critics, and seeks to answer it squarely. It does this with an honesty and a directness that have been rare in most of the literature upon the subject.

Yet it may be doubted whether it is effective for its purpose. The thesis upon which the authors really take their stand is the argument that the implications of the democratic way of life are better for the individual citizen and his society than any other; that solutions which elicit the consent of the individual mind are better than those imposed by force; and while they accept the need for wide reforms in matters of economic, social and political machinery, they argue that these can, with patience, be secured under the democratic method while they are only dubiously attainable by revolutionary means.

The critics of our own time will not, I suspect, find this as convincing as the authors. Those of the left will not need to be persuaded that a true democracy is better than any alternative; but they will doubt (in my own view rightly) whether Messrs. Fulton and Morris have shown that patience and goodwill do in fact lead to a necessary transition from capitalist democracy to the kind of society the authors (in common with most progressives) genuinely want. They have not really faced the Marxist view of capitalist democracy as a form of social organisation suited to the requirements of capitalism in expansion, and historically destined to decline (on its democratic side) as capitalism ceases to expand. They have not, either, met the view held by Marxists that a class in possession of the instruments of economic power will not peacefully yield their privileges. Few people will disagree with the conditions they postulate as necessary to the successful working of democracy; but they do not really deal with the grave problem of whether these conditions will be yielded in a period of crisis. They assume that the whole issue is one of rational argument. Yet it is the whole strength of the Marxist case that the very fact of contraction deprives reason at the crucial moment of its hold over the minds of men.

Mr. Fulton and Mr. Morris make a powerful case against the Fascist; but the difficulty with it is that they start from premises which few Fascists, either in Italy or Germany, would be willing to accept. And it is disappointing that their discussion of this issue hardly deals at all with the economic roots of Fascism. The case against it that it is the form fundamentally required by monopoly capitalism in decay receives nothing like adequate consideration. The argument Mr. Fulton and Mr. Morris make against it is that classic liberal argument whose premises the Fascist has already rejected in advance.

Their whole view, in a word, is based upon the belief that certain ways of behaviour are good in themselves; and they have refused to consider the historic relevancy of those ways of behaviour to the economic environment in which they are found. That men will consider tolerance and consent better than persecution and coercion in an epoch of expansion it is not necessary to doubt. But Mr. Morris and Mr. Fulton have also to prove that men will, and not merely should, do so in an epoch of contraction when men feel insecure and the passions bred by insecurity have full play. It is difficult, therefore, not to feel that their book, with all its persuasiveness, is written in a void. Forty years ago few people would have doubted its postulates. To-day these are rejected by those who dominate the majority of States. And they are rejected because they threaten a privileged order in circumstances where those who own privileges are ready to fight for them rather than give way. The democratic method is attacked because, having successfully carried the outworks, it now assaults the citadel, of privilege. Mr. Fulton and Mr. Morris tell the defenders of the citadel that they will be wiser and happier if they surrender. I think they are right; but it does not look as though the defenders believe them.

H. J. LASKI

MR. JUSTICE AVORY'S CASES

Mr. Justice Avory. By GORDON LANG. *Herbert Jenkins.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Lang intended his book as "a not unworthy tribute to a great man, happily, still with us"; Fate has ordained that it shall be instead a funeral ode. The death of Mr. Justice Avory at the age of eighty-three removes an outstanding figure from the English bench. He was notable because he was first and foremost a lawyer, and nothing but a lawyer. He did not make the Courts a stepping stone to Westminster, nor did he seek to shine as a wit or a philosopher. Throughout his long life he had only one concern—the law and its administration. Few among his contemporaries could claim to possess more than a fraction of his knowledge of criminal law, and he sought resolutely to see it applied without fear or favour. He was a living embodiment of the ideal expressed in the Latin tag, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.* Whether statutes needed amendment was not his concern. His function was to administer the law as it stood. For similar reasons he was scornful of an appeal to "unwritten law," when that meant taking vengeance into individual hands and, in fact, reverting to barbarism. In that respect at least Horace Avory fulfilled to the letter the English idea of what a judge should be.

More controversy was aroused by the severity of his sentences. The appellation of "the hanging judge" is not very fortunate. It so happened that he presided over a large number of sensational murder trials but, as Mr. Lang points out, a verdict of "Guilty" must automatically be followed in such cases by sentence of death; the Home Secretary may be, and often is, guided by considerations other than the judge can take into account. No one has suggested that Mr. Justice Avory's trials were anything but scrupulously fair to the accused. The trial of the Frenchman Vaquier for the murder of the landlord of the Blue Anchor, Byfleet, is a good example, while Browne and Kennedy, the despicable murderers of Police-constable Gutteridge, paid a tribute to their judge's fairness. More legitimate grounds for criticism are given by Avory's long sentences of imprisonment and his belief in the efficacy of the "cat." These are heartily defended by Mr. Lang; if he is right Englishmen and, more particularly Englishwomen, will not sleep so comfortably in their beds now that their protector has gone to his rest. Avory undoubtedly believed that punishment was not primarily retributive or reformative, but deterrent. There is here much legitimate difference of opinion, but on the whole

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GROVES'

Our Future in the Air

With maps. 128 *pages.* 2/6 *net*

"By far the best short guide to the whole Air-Affair that has yet been written, and it ought to be in the hands of all thinking citizens. . . . Like no book of its size for years, it should be taken to heart—and to brain."—J. L. GARVIN in leading article in *Observer*.

HARRAP, 182, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

LEOPARDI

By IRIS ORIGO

With a Foreword by George Santayana

Illustrated 10/6 net

". . . Her book has no sign of any age upon it, and of youth least of all ; for its very beauty is mature. It is, in one word, an achievement ; a wholly delightful achievement. . . She treats all aspects of his experience with serene impartiality and unhesitating mastery of the material . . ." BASIL DE SELINCOURT in *The Observer.*

A FLOWER BOOK FOR THE POCKET

By MACGREGOR SKENE

With 500 Illustrations in Colour by the late Charlotte Georgiana Trower

7/6 net

". . . It is probable that no better collection of flower paintings has ever been made. . . ." *Morning Post.*

THE PROTECTORATES OF SOUTH AFRICA

By MARGERY PERHAM and LIONEL CURTIS

6/- net

". . . It is peculiarly necessary that public opinion in this country should be properly informed on the subject. Miss Perham and Mr. Lionel Curtis go far between them to meet the need, and Mr. Curtis is to be congratulated on the broad-mindedness which led him to arrange for the publication of a volume presenting not only the opinions which he so strongly holds himself, but the diametrically opposite view, voiced with great ability by Miss Perham. . ." *Spectator.*

LETTERS ON IMPERIAL RELATIONS, INDIAN REFORM AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

By ARTHUR BERRIEDALE KEITH

16/- net

A selection of letters published in the press between the years 1916 and 1935

A HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS

To the Death of Alfred

By R. H. HODGKIN

2 vols. Illustrated 30/- net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

The Lighter Side of Local Government

By C. K. WRIGHT. *Illustrated by John Reynolds.* 5s. "There are as many laughs in *The Lighter Side of Local Government* as in 1066 *and All That.*" *Star.*

"I laughed till I cried when reading *The Lighter Side of Local Government.*" MARGUERITE STEEN.

The Growth and Distribution of Population

By S. VERE PEARSON. *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d. "The population question cannot be treated as one. . . . Geographical in its primary meaning, it opens out into economic, social, and psychological problems which need close and special study. Mr. Pearson here gives the most comprehensive, up-to-date presentation of these problems, historical, statistical, scientific." *Manchester Guardian.*

The Child and his Pencil

By R. L. RUSSELL. *Introduction by St. John Ervine. Illustrated.* 5s. and 3s. 6d. The author describes the manner in which he discovered and developed, in Ulster country children, their latent talent for poetry and art. It is a thrilling story and readers will be delighted with the vivid little poems and woodcuts which are included in the book.

Neoplatonism of the Italian Renaissance

By NESCA A. ROBB. 12s. 6d. A short history and analysis of that peculiar Florentine neoplatonism which had so great an influence not only in Renaissance Italy, but also in England and France. The author includes a delightful account of the writers of the Medici circle and the poetry of Michelangelo.

★

The Burden of Plenty ?

By H. D. HENDERSON, HUGH DALTON, J. A. HOBSON, The Hon. R. H. BRAND, A. R. ORAGE, BARBARA WOOTTON, Professor LIONEL ROBBINS, and Sir ARTHUR SALTER. Edited by GRAHAM HUTTON. 4s. 6d.

Why is there "too much" of so many things, while millions of people all over the world can only eke out a bare existence? Why are stocks of goods, which millions need, destroyed after capital and labour have gone to produce them? Is there an inherent fault in our private capitalist system, or must Russia, Italy, and the U.S.A. face the same economic problems? These are some of the questions which are here examined by a group of eminent authorities.

Museum Street, London, W.C.1

the best opinion in this country has passed beyond Avory to a more humane position.

A judge reverses the Latin maxim, for in his case the rule is *de vivo nil nisi bonum*. Since he is virtually immune from attack in his life, it is not unfair to express some mild criticisms when the opportunity first presents itself. There is no doubt that Avory's record offers much ground for criticism. It can hardly be denied that in inflicting sentence he showed something approaching a sadistic pleasure. He would dwell on the enormity of the offence, heightening every feature, in a way which clearly gave as much pleasure to himself as it did embarrassment to the prisoner. And when a jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," Avory sometimes gave the impression of a hungry tiger baulked of its prey. In a murder case, for instance, where Marshall Hall's passionate defence had proved the innocence of an accused person, the Court tensely awaited the prisoner's discharge, but Avory icily said, "There is another charge on the calendar against the prisoner," and for the offence of possessing a pistol with intent to endanger his own life the unhappy man in the dock found himself sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, which even Mr. Lang considers "an unusually severe sentence." A judge's private feelings are not regulated by law, but when they lead to harsh and even brutal sentences as on occasion they seem to have done in Avory's life, they become a matter of public concern.

In passing judgment on the judge it must be remembered that Avory saw mankind at its very worst. He must greatly have doubted whether any soul of goodness could have been distilled out of some of the men who stood before him, shrivelling before his piercing eyes. The most famous of these cases are now related by Mr. Lang in a volume which grips more than many professed "thrillers." Mr. Lang, who is well known in other fields as a Nonconformist minister and a former Labour M.P., has made a long study of criminology and spent much time in Avory's courts. His style can by no means be called classic, but it has many merits for its purpose. He can readily fasten on the central features of a protracted trial and clearly unravel the web of evidence. The facts themselves, often exceeding in their impudence the most far-fetched works of fiction, do the rest, making the book a fascinating and absorbing addition to English legal studies. It is no biography of Avory, and several notable cases are omitted from the record; but Mr. Lang is himself the best person to complete what he has so well begun.

The murder trials are those which have attracted most attention, and it fell to Avory to sentence Field and Gray, Voisin, Allaway and Patrick Mahon. Most of Avory's murder trials sprang from the passions of sex; he deserves to find rest where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Avory had also to deal, as counsel or judge, with a number of financial frauds. In the most sensational of these trials Avory was himself the judge and sentenced Clarence Hatry to fourteen years' imprisonment for the most amazing series of frauds in British financial history. Avory's refusal to let his judgment be influenced by Hatry's confession of crimes when they were bound to be found out, and his scorn for the swindler's plea that he hoped to repay the money before he was discovered, show the judge in a characteristic light. These trials must have inclined Avory to the apostolic view that money is a root of all kinds of evil.

No account of Avory can omit the unfortunate case of Adolf Beck, whose wrongful imprisonment, on account of a mistaken identity, is one of the greatest miscarriages in British justice. The miscarriage was due to the scrupulous desire of Avory, as prosecuting counsel, that the laws of evidence should be observed. He objected to evidence which would seemingly have brought to light a previous conviction of the prisoner. Had the objection not been upheld, a convincing alibi would have been established. It need only be added that Avory's conduct was fully upheld by the committee of inquiry; and that the case led to the setting up of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Of Avory as judge Mr. Lang can rightly say that, while he was the most dreaded man before whom a guilty wretch could appear, he was probably the best judge of all for the wrongfully accused.

Mr. Lang has been able to discover only one (very dubious) example of Avory's legal humour. But he has such a good story of another judge that it will bear repetition. The chaplain, failing to get an indirect compliment for his assize sermon, asked the judge what he thought of it, and got the reply: "Well, it was a divine sermon, for it was like the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and, like his mercy, seemed to endure for ever."

IVOR THOMAS

VAPEX
INHALANT
relieves Hay Fever
Just when Summer joys are most alluring, Hay Fever claims its victims. The intense irritation prevents any pleasure out of doors. "Vapex" gives relief, whilst its regular use affords protection. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning so that you inhale the vapour during the day.
Of Chemists. 2/- & 3/-.
THOMAS KERFOOT AND CO., LTD.

THE PACIFIC

Japan and the Pacific. By W. PEFFER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Militarism and Fascism in Japan. By C. TANIN and E. YOHAN. *Martin Lawrence.* 8s. 6d.

The Puppet State of Manchukuo. *China United Press.* $6.

An American liberal, a Chinese patriotic organisation and two Russian Communists—one would hardly expect such authors to have much in common. Yet each of these three books illuminates questions beside which the European crisis appears almost provincial. For there is a sense in which the first world war is still to come. The Great War was in the main concerned with European problems: it differed merely in scale from those that had preceded it. But the present war in the Far East must involve issues far greater than any war of recent times. It must affect directly those colonial Empires on which the existing social structures of England, of France, of Holland, and even of the United States, are largely based: it must alter as well that relation between East and West which we take for granted as a fact of nature, but which is in reality only a product of the last century and of the industrial revolution which made exploitation of the East by the West both possible and essential. All this is bound up in Japan's claims as set forth in the Tanaha memorial, or it that be repudiated, in the Twenty-One demands and in the Six Weeks' War of 1932.

The manner in which these claims were advanced and their possible effects is dealt with in *Japan and the Pacific*, a clear and readable work of journalism. Mr. Peffer writes realistically and without emotion. His main case is that since the war a profound change has come over Far Eastern politics. Three-quarters of a century ago the Chinese were forced by treaty to allow opium, missionaries and manufactured goods to enter their country. Since then politics in the Far East have consisted in a struggle between the various Western Powers for a share in China's desirable carcass. But this struggle has never been very urgent, nor has its prosecution entailed much expense. This situation, however, no longer exists. With the development of the world crisis China, the last and largest area left open for exploitation, has become important as never before; it is, in fact, the only White Man's Burden left to be shouldered. But at the same time Japan has discovered the existence of a Yellow Man's Burden, and the appearance of an Eastern Power struggling for Eastern Empire looks like making of the Far East for the twentieth century what the Near East was for the nineteenth. Now this development in the battle for burdens is purely one of the last few years. The attempts at expansion made by Japan after the Chinese and Japanese wars were easily checked by Western imperialism. Even as recently as 1921 America was able at the Washington Conference to force Japan to abandon the chief of her claims arising out of the Great War. Ten years later this was no longer possible. The Manchurian incident in fact marked the beginning of a new epoch in the Far East—and Mr. Peffer's book is invaluable because he analyses it as such. Who will oppose by force Japan's claims to the whole of China?—that is now the question. Mr. Peffer examines the three possibilities and concludes, I think convincingly, that it will be America and not Russia or England.

13 *months in a*
German concentration camp

RUBBER TRUNCHEON

by Wolfgang Langhoff. Translated by Lilo Linke, author of Restless Flags. 7s 6d net

HOWARD SPRING *(Evening Standard)*: "The most disturbing record of sadism and barbarity that I have ever come across, the more disturbing because the author has a quiet, unemotional method of writing that sets down nothing but the facts of the case.

"He gives names, dates, places, and one puts down the book with the feeling that if no more than one-tenth of this is true, then a horror has been perpetrated in our own day as black and bestial as any horror of which history holds a record."

10 Orange St **Constable** *London W.C.2*

Just Published

THE TYRANNY OF THE MIND

a common-sense psychology

BY

SIR BAMPFYLDE FULLER,

K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

Author of "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," etc.

8/6 net

T. Werner Laurie Ltd., 24 & 26 Water Lane, London, E.C.4

A COUNCIL OF ACTION

To organise the effective expression of public opinion on behalf of a courageous policy, to take advantage of the constitutional opportunity which the forthcoming election presents, it is essential that the following pamphlets should be read

THE STORY OF MY DICTATORSHIP. By I. SINGER. (6d.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By HENRY GEORGE. (1/-)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DISTRESSED AREAS. By A. MACLAREN. (3d.)

The above pamphlets post free from

F. VERANDER, 7 St. Martin's Place, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

BEHIND The FACE of JAPAN

by UPTON CLOSE

EDWARD SHANKS in the *Sunday Times*: "Admirably readable book presents a difficult problem. His book is planned and written in the right way. The important thing in Mr. Close's book is his demand that we shall think about the phenomenon and its possible results."

Illustrated 18/-

THE

MERRY QUEEN

MARIE ANTOINETTE

by PIERRE NEZELOF

MORNING POST: "His book is full of lively talk . . . it is always entertaining." SUNDAY DISPATCH: "His portrait is exciting . . . fascinating, written with humour and vigour."

An intimate and vivid portrait of the fast pleasure-mad creature who, because of her mediocre intelligence, pride and stubbornness, caused her own ruin and the downfall of the French Monarchy.

Illustrated 15/-

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON's

AMAZING ADVENTURE

MORNING POST: "A biography that is far more than a biography. It is a tale of heroism, which by reason of its fidelity to truth is stranger than the wildest fiction. The tale of Herbert's career as a submarine officer and submarine hunter is both thrilling and inspiring. *Amazing Adventure* is amazing in very truth."

Illustrated 18/-

HURST & BLACKETT

He demolishes the arguments which exist against this view, which has long been prophesied and never believed, but I think he is mistaken in relying as much as he does on the Stimson declaration to prove his case. This declaration certainly shows an interest in the internal affairs of a foreign country that is unprecedented for the U.S. State Department. But surely the real reason lies deeper than diplomacy or declarations? We are not sufficiently accustomed to think of America as an imperialist Power. This, of course, is largely because at first frontier expansion, and then the opportunities arising out of the Great War, concealed the fact that American capitalism is as inherently expansive as any other type. Now, however, the crisis is making this fact as clear in the case of America as it became before 1914 in the case of Germany.

No consideration of Far Eastern politics can be undertaken without a knowledge of the internal organisation of the Japanese State. For with Japan as with all imperialist Powers, the dynamic of foreign aggression depends ultimately on the development of the political and social system at home. It is for this reason that *Militarism and Fascism in Japan* is such an important book. Here we have an authoritative account from the Marxist point of view of the new State that has arisen in Japan in the last fifty years. It was, I think, in the 'seventies that the first steam engine appeared in Japanese industry, and in the 'eighties that a British lieutenant observed that half the Japanese army was equipped with bows and arrows. Thus the description given by Messrs. Tanin and Yohan of how the modern industrial and military power of Japan was achieved must give pause to those who quote the development of the U.S.S.R. as proof of the unique expansive power of a Socialist organisation.

For the Japanese social structure must be described as a kind of feudal Fascism. *Militarism and Fascism in Japan* traces how capitalism developed not by overthrowing, but by allying itself with the nobility and monarchy, or rather how the nobles and even the Emperor himself invested in and developed large-scale monopolist industry. They kept the structure of agriculture in its feudal form. Most valuable is the light thrown by this analysis on the general problem of Japanese expansion. This is usually traced to some vague thing known as over-population, a theory easily exploded by the fact that emigration from Japan to Manchuria is quite insignificant. There are, as a matter of fact, several million immigrants in Manchuria—but they come from China. If, however, Japan is both feudal and Fascist, two things become clearer. A country in which agricultural relations are still feudal can less than any other manufacturing and capitalist country provide a home market for its industrial goods. Under feudalism purchasing power in the hands of the majority of the population, the peasantry, can scarcely exist. More important perhaps is that a feudal country can find ready made the propaganda and ideology necessary for militarism. Fascist ideas in Europe and America have had to compete with the common tradition of liberalism. But in Japan liberalism was defeated in the space of a few years half a century ago, and with liberalism most of the ideas on which Western Socialism rests. Hence, except for the small group of Communists who can be executed for thinking, the prevalent trend of thought in Japan remains of the hideous type which has inspired such movements as "the Society of the Resplendence of Greater Japan," and most popular of all, "the Association of Military Knowledge." *Militarism and Fascism in Japan* indicates with accuracy and despair that in such organisations, financed by the small clique of monopolists, is enrolled almost the whole of articulate Japan, including the "social democrats." And they are all pledged to Japan's "Mission in Asia."

The progress of that "Mission" is described in *The Puppet State of Manchukuo*. This is number four of the excellent China to-day series which, together with the China year book, provides almost the only authoritative information on the internal affairs of the largest country in the world. This particular volume will be chiefly valuable as a source. But it also makes it possible to realise what it is like to be the "backward" neighbour of a great modern Power. The legal case established against Japan is overwhelming—if only the problem of the Far East were a legal one.

GUY FRANCIS

SHORTER NOTICES

Art and Morality. By O. DE SELINCOURT. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Professor de Selincourt remarks that the relationship between art and morality has seldom been dealt with on its own merits. It has been discussed as a part of larger problems: but even such minor discussions as these have been vitiated, from the time of Plato, by the assumption that art must be subordinate to morality. The "Art for Art's Sake" formula of the 'nineties ignored the existence of any relationship between the two activities, and served merely to isolate art from its human context. This strenuous, abstract stimulating work sets out to prove that since experience is a whole, art and morality must be interdependent; and tends to the following conclusions: Morality is not an end in itself, but a means to good: thus it depends on "goods." Art is "one of our intrinsically good states, or states of contemplation"; morality is therefore dependent upon art as upon the other absolute values.

Turmoil and Tragedy in India. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., D.S.O. *Jarrolds.* 18s.

A Short History of the British Empire. By HENRY W. CLARK, D.D. *Friedrich Muller.* 7s. 6d.

It is to be feared that Sir George MacMunn's book will not convince anyone outside the India Defence League. It is a panegyric of British rule and at the same time a trumpet-blast against Indian ingratitude, and contains a lurid and inaccurate account of the various subversive conspiracies which have hitherto impeded the Government of India's philanthropic progress. With true military emphasis the General denounces "all the Communist and Bolshevist spies, counterspies, dirty dogs and panders . . ." for whom he can suggest no remedy except that once recommended by Essex in similar circumstances: "Stone dead hath no fellow." He has nothing but scorn and vituperation for that "self-styled mystic skeleton, whom the hypnotised call Mahatma Gandhi," but whom the General prefers to call Lala Gandhi, or alternatively "Goosey-Goosey Gandhi." The author is of the opinion that it would be better for all concerned if the Government of India made up its mind "to govern the d——d country." A book more likely to amuse than instruct. Dr. Clark's *Short History of the British Empire* is a more sober panegyric. It is little more than an orthodox school text-book, containing a useful summary of the main events in British colonial history. The chief weakness of the book is that it fails to offer any reasonable explanation of the events it records. It is, for instance, difficult to understand how the author can devote pages to a description of the British Conquest, and yet ignore the important historical revolutionary rôle which the British merchant-adventurers were then unconsciously playing in shattering the social and economic system of feudalism in India. The book may be of value to unfortunates preparing for examinations, but the serious student of history will find in it very little worthy of his attention.

Week-end Competitions

No. 275

Set by Margaret Southern

Our British sense of superiority over foreigners, especially over foreigners visiting this country, is much strengthened by their tendency to employ literally certain English idioms whose real meaning is not the apparent one. Our glee at the result is not diminished by the fact, which we usually forget, that English people abroad make contributions quite as valuable to the foreigner's collection of howlers. An example of the poor outsider's innocence is furnished by the Continental spinster who, invited by English friends to "come in any time you like, just as one of ourselves," replied gratefully: "I come then always in the family way." A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a story in not more than 150 words embodying a real or imaginary situation created by the foreigner's ignorance of idiomatic English.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 28th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 273

Set by Cyril Connolly

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation illustrating the literary vices of any two of the following:

1. The nineties.
2. Georgian Poetry.
3. The nineteen-twenties.
4. The "new" poetry.

"Out of Bounds"

the education of

GILES and ESMOND ROMILLY

Observer:—

"Clear, humorous and lively pictures."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

(New Statesman):—

"A very amusing book."

DEREK VERSCHOYLE

(Spectator):—

"Amusing and instructive . . . an extremely fair account of Public School life."

7/6 net

HAMISH HAMILTON

JUST OUT

THE

SPLENDOUR

OF

MOORISH SPAIN

by JOSEPH McCABE

The story of a civilization that was "one of the happiest, most prosperous, most advanced in fine feeling and culture that had yet appeared on the earth . . . . the culture which equally inspired the austere mosque of Cordova, the profane beauty of the Alhambra, the humanism of Omar Khayyam, the happiest blend of sensuous enjoyment and intellectual interest that the world has yet seen."

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

With Coloured Frontispiece and Eight Half-Tone Plates

10/6 net

LONDON: C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.

5 & 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4

Get this booklet before deciding your 1935 holiday plans. It tells you all about travel opportunities in the world's most interesting country to-day. You will be surprised at the low cost of tours to this

NEW TRAVEL LAND

Obtainable Post Free from

Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2, or

any leading Travel Agents

No fortunes have been spent on advertising this grand old tobacco, yet since its origination over 50 years ago, it has steadily increased in favour among men who take their pipe smoking very seriously. Try it! You'll enjoy its rare old ripened fragrance.

Bishop's Move

SPUN CUT

TOBACCO

IN 1 & 2 OUNCE TINS 1/1 THE OUNCE

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd. 92, Commercial Road, E.1.

Report by Cyril Connolly

On the whole the answers to this were disappointing. Several people did all four, in one case admirably; but since this gives them a double chance of winning a prize they must be disqualified. Nearly everybody did one of their quotations much better than the other. Very few tackled the academic obscurantism, the showy despair of the nineteen-twenties. I should have quoted from *Wheels*, *Coterie*, *Parallax*, or another of the little magazines of the last generation. Something like

> "The hatred and remote disdain
> Expressed by the Prince of Denmark's smile
> For a world too sunk in its own flesh, too vile
> To feel or understand the pain
> Of doubting . . . doubting whether anything's worth while."

The new poetry was the most popular subject, and Day-Lewis its most cited representative. Here again its obscurity was considered the most typical vice, while I should have plumped for log-rolling and a certain puritanical jingoism ("gain altitude, Auden, then let the base beware"). Gerald Gould's *Wanderthirst* was the favourite among the Georgians.

I particularly enjoyed G. L. Mathew's quotation from Lawrence, Phoebe Pool's quotation from Mr. Belloc's *To the Balliol Men in Africa*, Judith Pool's extract from Squire's *To a Bull-dog*, Du Pont (Aragon and Day-Lewis) Ape's piece from Mr. Plomer's *Watchmaker*, and Allan M. Laing's entry. He quotes Gerald Gould:

> "And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard
> For the rivers call and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird"

and Pound's *Papyrus*

> Spring . . .
> Too long . . .
> Gongula . . .

But I feel that this is 1920, not *New Poetry*, and that, having regard to the title, one cannot be certain that it is written without satiric intention.

I award the first prize to "Cruttwell," because he made me laugh, and the second to "Eremita."

FIRST PRIZE

NEW POETRY

> "From this theoric town
> "Corn-land and city seem
> "A lovely skiagram: "

"*Note.*— P. 28, l. 23, "skiagram"—a drawing in shadow, not strictly in the Greek sense."

"*Transitional Poem*" by C. Day-Lewis.

NINETEEN-TWENTIES

"There trembling, Jurgen raised towards his lips the hand of her who was the world's darling.

"'And so farewell to you, Queen Helen! Oh, very long ago I found your beauty mirrored in a wanton's face. . . . And for a while I served my vision, honouring you with clean-handed deeds. . . . But that was very long ago.'"

"*Jurgen*" by James Branch Cabell

CRUTTWELL

SECOND PRIZE

THE NINETIES

> "I am so fair, that whereso'er I wend
> Men yearn with strange desire to kiss my face."

"*Beauty Accurst*" by Richard le Gallienne.

NEW POETRY

> "They record simply
> How this one excelled all others in making driving belts."

"*The Funeral*," by Stephen Spender

EREMITA

AN INVESTMENT OF OUTSTANDING MERIT

The exceptional merit of insurance shares as an investment is illustrated by the fact that the net average yield obtained over the last ten years on a holding of the shares comprised in the TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES, including capital appreciation, amounted to £11.4.10 per cent. per annum, *free of income tax*.

No other form of investment combines so high a degree of safety with such good prospects for steady yield and future appreciation.

The Trust of Insurance Shares enables the investor to secure a definite holding in the Shares of thirty-one leading British Insurance Companies whose total assets exceed £940,000,000. Insurance Units may be bought and sold at any time through any Stockbroker or Bank.

Current price of Units 22/3.

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

TRUSTEES: WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
165 MOORGATE · LONDON · E.C.2 *National* 1637

Apply to above address for Booklet A.L. 520

MeN.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 130.—BLUE RIBBON

"My father, the Earl of Holcombe and Sluy, was both a teetotaller and a humbug," said the Honourable Murgatroyd Mutt.

"On the death of my grandfather he called us together—me and my brothers—and harangued us in the following terms: 'Each of you lads to-day becomes entitled to an income of some hundreds per annum. I propose, however, to make you the following offer. Whoever abstains from alcohol for one year will receive £100 extra; if he abstains for a second consecutive year, £200 extra; for a third consecutive year, £400 extra; for a fourth consecutive year £800 extra; and for a fifth consecutive year £1,600 extra. The offer holds good, however, over five years only, since a maximum of £9,000 odd is as much as I can afford to risk! It must also be conditional on this undertaking: that any of you who has accepted it forfeits £200 to me at the end of any year in which he has indulged in alcohol.'"

"We all accepted this offer, knowing perfectly well that the old rascal was hoping to make money by it. However, he did not succeed. At the end of two years he had dropped money; a third year elapsed and his losses had doubled. And by the end of the five-year period his losses had doubled again."

"How did you fare yourself, Murgatroyd?" I asked.

"Not too badly," said Murgatroyd, grinning, "though I drank rather heavily the first year."

What was the Honourable Murgatroyd's record during the four following years?

PROBLEM 129.—FLOWER SHOW

A clue was inadvertently omitted (sorry). The problem should have read as follows:

Seven residents in our village are keen exhibitors at the local flower-show. Their names are: Mr. Aster, Mr. Dahlia, Mr. Geranium, Mr. Phlox, Mr. Rose, Mr. Snapdragon, Mr. Sweetpea.

Each of them is the namesake of a flower which one of the others grows.

Mr. Phlox is brother-in-law to the Sweetpea-grower. Mr. Dahlia cannot bear Roses. Mr. Snapdragon has never met the grower of Geraniums. Mr. Rose and the Dahlia-grower each married the other's sister. Mr. Sweetpea has never played cards in his life. Four of the seven, however, have organised a regular bridge four; each member of this four grows a flower which is another member's namesake. The Geranium grower and Mr. Dahlia are the exponents of rival bidding systems. Mr. Aster is an only child. Mr. Phlox detests bridge.

What flowers, respectively, do the seven exhibitors grow?

Correct answers to the problem as set, or to the problem as amplified, will rank equally for points.

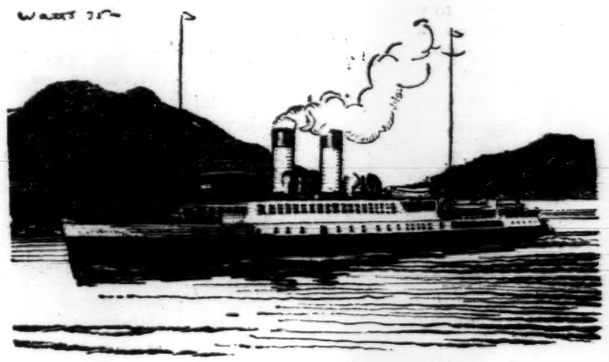
PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN



CLYDE COAST *ahoy!*

All true Britons love ships and the sea. That is why those of us who have been to the Clyde go back again year after year—nowhere else can we get so much sailing and cruising and sculling, such variety of nautical adventure. Best of all, is the magnificent fleet of steamers ready every day to take us up and down the coast and in and out amongst the islands.

There are some fine, big, go-ahead resorts—Rothesay, Dunoon, Largs and so on—where they know all about the art of entertainment, and any number of smaller places equally delightful.

Travel to Scotland by any of the crack expresses with a "Monthly Return Ticket"—a penny a mile (three-halfpence a mile if you go first class). You can break your journey on the route if you want to, both going and coming back. In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 7s. 6d., and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies:

"Scotland for Holidays" (free)

L·N·E·R—
"The Holiday Handbook" (6d.)

L M S—
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RLY ● LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RLY

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED

This Bank is able to obtain information respecting trade and industrial conditions in all parts of the world. Added to the experience accumulated during generations of Banking, this places it in a favourable position for transacting every form of British, Colonial or Foreign Banking business.

*

Total Assets Exceed £443,000,000

*

Head Office:
71 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

The **HEALTHIEST MOUTH**

—a few minutes after eating—develops germs which are a menace to the teeth. That is why your dentist would approve of your using Euthymol, the tooth paste with the guaranteed germ-killing strength. Price 1/3 of all Chemists.

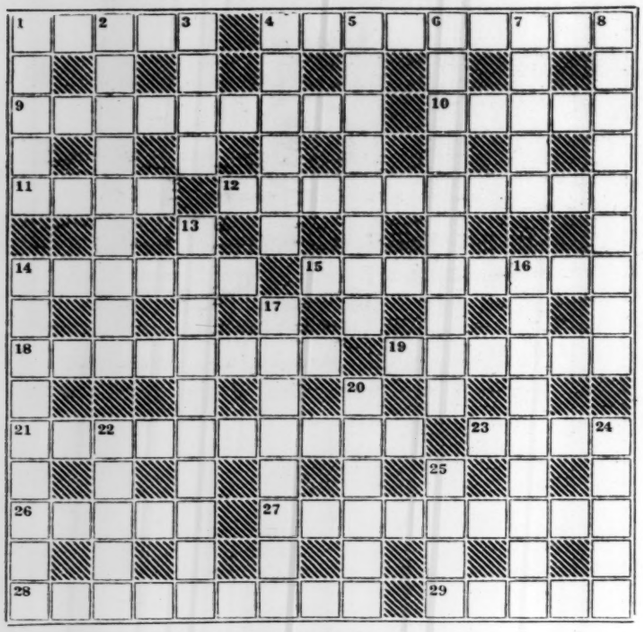
Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds.

FREE OFFER! *If you have not yet tried Euthymol, send to Dept. 82/85 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1 for a free 7-day trial sample.*

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 276

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. G. Bretherton, 2, Lansdowne Road, Tunbridge Wells.

ACROSS

1. Space for the steps
4. Deformed like Quasimodo no doubt.
9. Uncoloured iris conceding victory.
10. A Greek goddess to entertain.
11. Meet a gunner and a legislator.
12. The chiropodist's instruments?
14. Ann comes into money.
15. The umpire's outer garment?
18. When travellers may well be strapping.
19. Jurymen must needs be.
21. "Newts and —— do no wrong, Come not near our fairy queen."
23. Old, yet jumped about after 11.
26. Bewilder with a puzzle.
27. Telling people of course.
28. Pick up in a partisan way.
29. They were dangerous when whizzed.

DOWN

1. Used to be diplomatically balanced on the Continent.
2. Do these creatures tease the brotherhood?
3. The female would go into the outhouse.
4. How to get round the old B.B.C. station in London.
5. Its double is its opposite.
6. Floored by fire.
7. Runs through the portly part of Portugal.
8. Does a journalist fasten his collar with it?
13. It's just as likely to be pyjamas.
14. Describes borers but not bores.
16. Too big in a vegetarian manner.
17. How queer our editor is reported to be.
20. Author who no doubt helped himself.
22. Was always angling after something.
24. Medical happy family.
25. "—— bed with a white wench's black eye."

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Will you please send a special Gift to the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund for The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, and so help on its two-fold work—the treatment of patients suffering from Cancer and Research into the causes of this dreadful disease and means for its ultimate cure.

As a memento of the occasion, gifts will be acknowledged by a multi-coloured receipt (illustrated above), size 13in. x 10in., printed on ivory cards bearing the portraits of Their Majesties The King and Queen.

Please address your gifts to The Earl of Granard, The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, marking your envelope "Silver Jubilee."

The Advantages of a Banking Account

A banking account with the C.W.S. Bank ensures:

Convenient and easily provable payments of accounts.

Excellent interest coupled with moderate and easily ascertainable Commission.

Safe custody of documents, deeds and other valuables, free of charge.

The use of one or more of over 2,500 Co-operative Society Agencies.

AND MANY OTHER SERVICES.

INQUIRIES TO

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:

99 Leman Street, London, E.1; 42 Kingsway, London, W.C.2; and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. The Flying Trapeze. W. & S.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

GAIETY. Gay Deceivers. Tues. & Thurs.

GLOBE. Grief Goes Over. Tues., Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Sat.

LYCEUM. "Iernin." Wed. (26th).

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Viceroy Sarah. Thurs. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

RUDOLF STEINER HALL. Hamlet. Fri.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

WESTMINSTER. Many Waters. Wed. Full Circle. Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

LYCEUM. Tem. 3612. POPULAR PRICES.
Every evening at 8, First Mat., Wednesday next, 2.30.
THE NEW CELTIC GRAND OPERA
"IERNIN."

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525.) Evenings 8.30.
Matinees Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
An ERIK CHARELL Production.
JUNE CLYDE. IVY ST. HELIER. FRED EMNEY.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
"Excellent mixture of laughter and thrills."—*D. Tele.*

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, CLIFFORD MOLLISON,
CLAIRE LUCE, GINA MALO, DAVID HUTCHESON.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., at 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
"GRIEF GOES OVER."
A Comedy By MERTON HODGE.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
Last 2 Performances. Sat., June 22nd.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Temple Bar 8611.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. and SAT. 2.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
Celia Johnson. Robert Harris.

RUDOLF STEINER HALL, Baker St. Station.
WED., THURS., FRI., at 8. Fri. at 2.30. Pad. 8219.
HAMLET, WILSON KNIGHT'S Production.
5*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* Special terms for parties.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Revue with Music.

VICTORIA PALACE. This Sat. at 8.30.
1st Matinee Wednesday next at 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1 (Vic 0283).
MONDAY EVENING NEXT, June 24th, at 8.15.
(Subs. 8.30). MATS., WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
R.A.D. in **"MANY WATERS."**
THURSDAY, June 27th, R.A.D. in
"FULL CIRCLE," by Aimée & Philip Stuart.
7*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* incl., all bookable.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
YVONNE PRINTEMPS in
"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A)
with
PIERRE FRESNAY

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next for Seven Days,
ELISABETH BERGNER in
DER TRÄUMENDE MUND (A).
German dialogue. English titles.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Princess Toto.
By W. S. Gilbert, Music by Frederic Clay.

CROYDON Repertory
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Pygmalion. By Bernard Shaw.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
This Woman Business. Ben W. Levy.

LIVERPOOL Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Mat. Sat., 2.30.
The Matriarch. By G. B. Stern.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
OPEN-AIR THEATRE, HEATON PARK,
at 2.30 and 7.30.
Taming of the Shrew. By Shakespeare.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Women Have Their Way.
By Serafin & Joaquin Alvarez Quintero.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

ENTERTAINMENTS

R.A.F. DISPLAY, Hendon.
Noon, Sat., June 29.
Boxes for 6, £4, £5, £7, Enclosures 10*s.*, 5*s.*, and 2*s.*, reserved seats extra. Cars 10*s.* and 5*s.*
From AGENCIES and R.A.F. DISPLAY, HENDON.

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

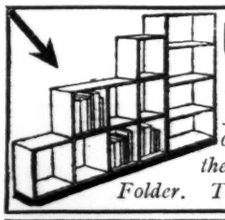
SHOPPING BY POST

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3*s.*
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35*s.* 6*d.* or 10*s.* 6*d.* per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

A REAL PEARL NECKLET FOR 5 gns. We offer a fine quality REAL (CULTURED) PEARL NECKLET, the product of the living oyster, length 18in., including GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, for 5 GUINEAS. USUAL PRICE 12 guineas. Selection for approval upon request. REAL (CULTURED) PEARL CO., LTD., 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 6623.

WOODCARVING.
L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit in to the modern or period home. Photographs are available. Send for particulars. Pishill Bank, Stonor, Oxon.



UNIX *modern book units are beautifully made of flawless wood. Simple in design, extremely flexible. Cost definitely less than any other unit bookcase. Fitting anywhere they solve every bookhousing problem. Get Folder. The PHOENIX, 66 Chandos St., W.C.2*

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
"Goddard's"
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6½ 1/- 2/- & 3/6

NATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS

LONDON, June 28th—July 2nd, 1935.

THE PACIFIC, THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND PEACE—SECURITY, REVISION AND PEACE—THE SPIRITUAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL BASES OF PEACE—EDUCATION AND THE WORLD TO-MORROW.

Speakers will include:

The Chinese Ambassador, Lord Allen, Sir George Schuster, Norman Bentwich, Ramsay Muir, H. N. Brailsford, N. Mayorski, Miss K. D. Courtney, Sir Norman Angell, Vernon Bartlett, W. Arnold-Forster, G. P. Gooch, Gilbert Murray, Pitman B. Potter, Gerald Heard, Dr. Mattuck, Miss Ruth Fry, Miss Winifred Holtby, C. E. M. Joad, Captain Wedgwood Benn, Leonard Barnes, J. H. Badley.

Tickets 2/6 (Individual Sessions 1/-)

Full particulars from the NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL
39, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE BANK AND HOME CORPORATION LOANS—THE GILT-EDGED MARKET AND STABILISATION—GOLD SHARE DIVIDENDS AND TAXATION

THE case for a National Investment Board was convincingly, albeit unconsciously, argued by Mullens and Company, the Government brokers, in their statement last week on home corporation loans. They were at pains to deny the accusation of the *Daily Herald*, that the Bank of England dictated the terms of home corporation loans. The statement ran: "In compliance with the express wish of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it (the Bank) considers corporation or other trustee loan proposals . . . with a view to agreeing the amount of the loan and the date of its issue in order to obviate overlapping and congestion. An opinion may also be expressed in regard to the terms of the issue . . ." Observe, first of all, the complete muddling up of the functions of Treasury, Bank and "National Investment" agency. The amount of a home corporation loan is certainly not a matter for the Bank of England to consider, much less "agree." The capital expenditures of the local authorities should be considered and passed by a National Investment Board, the planning, co-ordinating and mobilising agency for all sections of national investment. The terms of home corporation loans should be agreed, not by a National Investment Board, but by the Treasury. When the Bank of England is nationalised the Treasury will no doubt delegate these functions to the Governor of the Bank, but as long as the Bank of England is under private control, and the Governor is theoretically advised by a Court composed largely of men who will be underwriting home corporation loans in the course of their private business, it is obviously invidious and undesirable to submit local authorities to the dictation of the Bank in regard to the terms of borrowing. I say "dictation" advisedly because as soon as it becomes known in the City that the Bank is against the proposed terms of issue, the loan will never be underwritten by the responsible houses. The City is very parochial and a whisper from the Governor is on everyone's lips in the course of a Stock Exchange day.

* * *

I do not suggest that the Bank of England has not given proper advice (which goes for "orders" in the City) to Glasgow or to the corporations which have now issued medium-dated 3 per cent. loans at 99. Its natural concern is to avoid "congestion" in the underwriting market which might react adversely upon borrowers. There is no chance to-day of issuing a home corporation long-term loan on a 2¾ per cent. yield basis because congestion or indigestion *still* exists. The L.C.C. 2¾ per cent. loan issued at par in February last is still undigested (being quoted at about 5 discount), and so are the Bristol, Hull and Blackburn 2¾ per cent. loans which followed that issue :—

	Issue Price.	Present Middle Price.	Gross Yield %. Flat.	Redemp.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
L.C.C. 2¾% 1960/70	100	95xd	2 18 0	2 19 3
Bristol 2¾% 1955/65	99	96½	2 17 6	2 19 0
Hull 2¾% "A" 1960/70	98½	94¼	2 18 6	3 0 6
Blackburn 2¾% 1960/5	98¾	95¾	2 17 9	2 19 9

The failure of these loans induced the Bank of England at the time to put a temporary embargo on new trustee issues to allow underwriters to recover themselves. But this takes time. Obviously it was necessary to "sweeten" the underwriting market when home corporation borrowing was resumed. The only question is whether a 3 per cent. medium-dated loan at 99 was not too sugary. Perhaps it was. Glasgow had set its heart on a 3 per cent. loan at 101, which would not have been out of line with existing 3 per cent. quotations. But there were lots of other big loans to follow Glasgow. The danger of over-sweetening the underwriters is that the whole gilt-edged market may be permanently lowered by being brought into line with the new issue prices. But if short-term money becomes cheaper after the turn of the half-year, as everyone in the discount market seems to expect, no permanent damage is likely to result from the recent 3 per cent. loans at 99. However, I can well understand the rage of the ratepayers of the towns marked out to pay sugar-money to disgruntled (but by no means impoverished) underwriters in the City of London.

* * *

Looking further ahead, the gilt-edged market has two worries —the general elections and the threat of stabilisation. The latter is the more serious and fundamental. Provided we maintain a financial system isolated from the gold system we can order our monetary affairs to suit our economic needs. In other words, we shall order cheap money and maintain a liberal credit policy. But there are powerful forces pushing us back to the international gold system. The Bank of England showed where its heart lay by intervening in the forward gold market—laying an unofficial embargo on speculative forward transactions to help the franc. Now the American Treasury is pressing us to return to gold. Professor Sprague, one-time American economist to the Bank of England and friend of Mr. Governor Norman, is now on a private visit to this country and will no doubt be discussing with his old colleagues the chances of stabilisation. I can guess what he will be saying. Why does not Great Britain accept the American offer of a stabilisation conference made recently by Mr. Morgenthau? Washington can only assume that Great Britain desires to play for trade by exchange depreciation. How can the American Government resist the devaluationist parties in and out of Congress if Great Britain refuses to make any show of good faith? London's game is dangerous and will end in a 50 cents gold dollar, if not an exchange depreciation race. This sort of talk will undoubtedly fall on willing ears at the Bank of England. But the trouble is that the only open show of "good faith" which we can make to impress America and the European gold bloc in the next period of weakness in the sterling exchange is a rise in bank rate. If this were of a small order, it would be ludicrous. If it were big, it would be fatal to our domestic trade expansion. I would ask Professor Sprague to take with him, when he returns to his own land, a copy of *Lloyds Bank Review* which contains an excellent article by Mr. H. D. Henderson, who is entitled to advise as a member of the Economic Advisory Council. "Exchange stabilisation," he writes, "would imperil the continuance of the British internal recovery and might lead to a serious reaction. . . . The absence of a fixed parity between sterling and gold has enabled the authorities to maintain cheap and abundant money without interruption over a period of several years. Had sterling been relinked to gold there would have been frequent changes in Bank rate during that period . . . accompanied by a restriction of the volume of credit." In Mr. Henderson's opinion, stabilisation would be a reckless gamble from the standpoint of our national interests. American interests, gold bloc interests and Central Bank interests, please note!

* * *

The June dividends declared by the South African gold mining companies have been in most cases reduced. This, as I pointed out in April last, was expected, as a result of the new surtax of 10 per cent. on gross profits (imposed in addition to the normal income tax and excess profits tax). It should, however, be borne in mind that Mr. Havenga's promise holds good, namely, that he will not exact from the gold mining industry a sum greater than half the excess profits accruing from the rise in the price of gold above 85*s.* per ounce. It seems probable that at the end of the year Mr. Havenga will be allowing a rebate of tax to the gold mines, so that the December dividends may be higher than the June dividends. The actual dividends declared for the past three half-years are shown for a number of companies :—

	1934 June.	1934 Dec.	1935 June.	Price.	Gross Yield %† on Double June Div.
					£ s. d.
Consol. Main Reef ..	1/9	2/6	2/3	3 11/16	£6 17 6
Crown Mines ..	8/–	9/–	8/–	13 15/16	6 10 6
Geduld	6/6	7/–	6/9	10⅝	7 3 3
Randfontein	1/–	1/9	2/–	55/1½	8 3 6
Brakpan	1/3*	1/4½*	1/1½	2 5/16	5 15 9
Robinson Deep "B"	2/–	2/–	1/3	2⅜	5 18 6
Sub Nigel	7/6	8/–	8/–	13½	6 13 6
New State Areas ..	2/6	3/–	2/6	74/–	7 12 3

* Equivalent dividend before shares were split.

† Equivalent gross after Dominion Income Tax relief.

The yields on the shares which have received a lower dividend in June should be regarded as conservative estimates. Even so, Randfontein stands out as the cheapest share in this list. The sharp reduction of the dividend in the case of Robinson Deep "B" must be attributed to special capital expenditures. A change in the Union Government's attitude towards taxation of the mining industry was indicated by General Smuts in a speech at Johannesburg on Sunday. General Smuts declared that South Africa could not become a first-rate agricultural country, and that the time had come when they should reconsider their agricultural policy of subsidies and devote their energies as never before towards developing the minerals of the country. He looked for a higher price for gold and an increasing expansion of the gold industry.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens. Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room, Breakfast and Bath from 9s. 6d.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light, breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Bracing mountain holiday. Victoria Golf Hotel. £4 4s. Swiss balconies, 4½ gns. Hot water and electricity in all 37 bedrooms.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse board-residence. Near sea and golf. Beautifully situated. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

WHY not spend your holidays at Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey? The Hotel represents the last word in comfort, and the surrounding country is delightful. 'Phone: Hindhead 545.

HOWDEN COURT, Torquay. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bedrooms if required. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

THE Garden of England. A cosmopolitan Guest House where you may meet interesting people, both sexes. Americans can refer to Rev. Dr. Hicks (Yonkers) and Dr. Cowern (St. Paul). Terms and Official Register free. MRS. LLOYD, 151 Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa.

LAKE DISTRICT. Wonderful holiday from £7 11s. Price includes travel tickets, accommodation, sightseeing excursions, services of representatives. DEAN & DAWSON LTD., 81 Piccadilly, W.1.

"TANKARDS," Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey. Delightful sixteenth-century Guest House, with "The Loom and Teapot" tearooms and garden. 31 miles from London.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service, good food. Meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed and Breakfast, 8s. Special Week-end Terms.

LAND of Infinite holiday variety—North Wales—where sea and mountains mingle. 33 Resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Mountain climbing, golfing, fishing, sea and sunbathing on the golden sands, sailing, touring, exploring, etc., and endless amusements. Write for booklet (2d. postage) to Dept. 25, North Wales United Resorts, Bangor. Travel by L.M.S. Express Trains at a Penny a Mile.

GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

STEEP, PETERSFIELD (Tel. 376). Small guest house; beautiful district; good cooking. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

DRIVE YOUR CAR (if 9 h.p. or over), TOW OUR CARAVAN (5½ cwt. "Rice" 2-berth long folder). Take your wife (or other good cook), Pitch (5 mins. work) within earshot of the curlew, bittern, guillemot or raven. Partics.: CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

AUG. 3rd. Vacancies small party Danube/Rhine, Vienna, Linz, Passau, Nuremberg, Munich, Bingen. Steamer trips, good Hotels. No Night Travel. 15 days 17 gns. No extras. WISEMAN, 19 St. Dunstan's Hill, E.C.3.

TO LET furnished, old thatched cottage in lovely Devon combe, 3 miles sea. Garage. Help available. 3 large rooms. 2 gns. wkly. short periods. WARREN, Edge Farm, Branscombe.

DEAN & DAWSON, LTD., make excellent holiday arrangements to any centre in Great Britain and Ireland and Europe. Obtain Holiday programmes, "Seeing Britain and Ireland," "Holidays on the Continent," from 81 Piccadilly, W.1.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

TO let furnished—secluded house—Hampstead, yet near tube, buses. Privacy, garden, books, paintings, every comfort. Large sitting room, dining, excellent kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Would like people to enjoy it during school holidays. 4 guineas per week. Apply Box 795, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SUMMER BUNGALOW. Lavender. Rose Garden. 15s. Also Artist's Studio. "ORIELS," Doddington, Kent.

ON the Severn near Shrewsbury. the MYTTON AND MERMAID HOTEL, Atcham, offers distinguished entertainment to those *en route* for Portmeirion.

FELIXSTOWE, Wyncote, Leopold Road. Board residence. 2 minutes sea. Separate tables. Good cuisine. Farm produce. Until July 27th 2½ guineas weekly.

GORRAN HAVEN, Cornwall. Furnished bungalow. July 14th–31st September. STRICKLAND, Penlan, Brecon.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET 'HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. MRS. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

COME to unspoilt Surrey and stay at "Pilgrims," Gomshall, the Guest House of character. Lovely garden. Perfect hard tennis court. Own produce.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

DARTMOOR. Overlooking Moors and close to famous Lydford Gorge. Board Residence, with Private Sitting-Rooms. Baths. Indoor Sanitation. Own Dairy. Terms very moderate. CASTLE INN, Lydford, Devon.

AUSTRIA FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS. Ideal centre on Salzkammergut-Lake, three hours from Salzburg. Bathing, Tennis, Fishing, Mountaineering, Music and evening entertainments. Apply SEEBLICK, Grundlsee, Styria, Austria.

LADY will welcome young people in her chalet (Champery, Swiss Alps) for summer vac. Opportunity for French conversation and study; swimming pool, tennis, mountain climbing. Good Alpine climate. MME. REINBOLD, Midi 3, Lausanne.

STEINACH—TYROL, 3,423ft. above sea-level, well-known summer resort, swimming-bath. Excellent cuisine, comfort, moderate prices. English spoken. Hotel Weisses Roessl. Prospectus.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing. Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. July and Sept. from 30 frs. a day. Aug. 35 frs. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol: 2,100 ft. up: 10 miles Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English Library. Terms—Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s. to 8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24. Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

MOTORING

£10 Wolseley 10.5 h.p. 2-seater, 1927. Sound in body and limb. Heart good. Has lived an easy life. Appearance friendly, but S.A. impaired by passage of time. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER HOLIDAY GROUP, SALZBURG. Adolescent boys and girls. July-Sept. 12 guineas per month. Apply Dr. Madeleine Ekenberg, Halcyon Club, Cork Street, London.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

NO BRIDE-CAKE ARCHITECTURE.
WELWYN (30 minutes King's Cross) is the only residential district where bad taste in house design is barred, and where beauty, health, comfort and economy go together. A really lovely house with a good garden, three bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, kitchen and garage can be rented for £52 to £75 a year. Inexpensive golf, tennis and other sports. Cultivated and varied social life. Theatre, cinema, good shops and schools. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

ELEVEN miles Cambridge, six Huntingdon, old house 3 sitting, 4 (or 5) bedrooms, bath, electric light and cooking, books, swimming pool and vegetables. 5 gns. weekly August. Box 791, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO be let furnished, old thatched cottage, 8 rooms, bath and kitchen. Thaxted, 6 miles, Cambridge 18. Whole, 3 guineas, or part, self-contained, 2½ guineas per week. Apply Park 4706, or Box 766, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

I ONLY WANT 4½ gns. a week for a beautifully furnished Studio, within 2 mins. of Hyde Park Corner. For two months. There are 1,000 modern books in my library: there is a refrigerator in the kitchen. There is a large bathroom with a concealed bath; and there is a balcony bedroom and an entrance hall. But I must have a careful tenant who will promise not to let any of the books go outside the house. If you want this place write to me at Box 790, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AT LAST
MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

UNFURNISHED ROOMS to let above Restaurant in W.C. district. Rent from 25s. weekly, including breakfast and service. Apply Box 797, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET, Bloomsbury, flat furn. by Heal's. 3 rooms, bath, kitchen. Aug.-Jan. or part, 3 gns. wkly. 'Phone Mus. 1339, after 7 p.m.

NEWLY-FURNISHED flat to let for 3 months: recep., dining, bed, studio (or sm. bed), bath, const. h.w., books, etc. JELLINEK, 4 Gt. James St., W.C.1. Hol. 1803 (till noon) or Housekeeper.

LARGE, very pleasant quiet room, Bloomsbury. All conveniences. 'Phone Terminus 6577.

WANTED. Country accommodation as paying-guest by man of 41, weak after long illness: wants ordinary companionship, contact with real English country and a pleasant garden to rest in. Full particulars exchanged. BM/BAPK, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS OFFER

THE COMING BOOM in British Columbia. Gentleman, owning 16 acre improved Ranch in Kettle Valley, will let for two years to two Varsity men of sound financial status; references. PAT, 151 Leam Terrace, Leamington.

LITERARY

TO REVIEWERS AND OTHERS. Any quantity of books bought; mod. fiction, biography, criticism, political, educational. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 Essex Road, N.1. CLE 1807.

CUALA PRESS, 133 Lower Baggot St., Dublin. New Broadsides of Ballads and Songs with tunes, 32s. a year post free. Editors, W. B. Yeats and F. R. Higgins. Lists of books, prints, etc., from Elizabeth C. Yeats.

MAKE WRITING PAY. Sound, professional training by correspondence. Tens of thousands of pounds earned by pupils. FREE SAMPLE LESSON and full details from Premier School of Journalism, 23 Premier House, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year, post free 30s. 0d.
Six Months „ „ 15s. 0d.
Three „ „ „ 7s. 6d.

All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN & NATION.
The Week-end Review,
10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, June 23, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "ANTI-SEMITISM." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, June 23rd, at 11. DR. H. J. BRIDGES: THE "NEW DEAL" AND THE PROBLEM OF LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES. 7. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: CHURCH-GOING TO-DAY.

ARTISTS INTERNATIONAL
ALICK WEST
on
"IDEALISM AND MATERIALISM IN JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES," NATIONAL TRADE UNION CLUB, 24, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, Wednesday, June 26th at 8.15 p.m. Admission 1s.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL,
Otterden, near Faversham, Kent.
Co-educational Progressive Country Home School for English and German pupils, 5-18. Students prepared for English examinations by Graduate Staff, ten English, six German. Excellent opportunity for learning German. Music and Arts stressed. Day and boarding. Moderate fees. Principal: FRAU ANNA ESSINGER, M.A. 'Phone: Eastling 6.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon, Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education; free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal, BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL
(FOUNDED BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN 1779).
Recognised by the Board of Education as an efficient Secondary School.
Provides a sound secondary school education for boys and girls from 9 to 18 years of age up to School Certificate and Higher School Certificate standards.
Special attention is given to the training of character and to the cultivation of a right sense of social and international justice.
Situated in its own estate of 350 acres, the School is completely equipped with Chemistry, Physics and Biology Laboratories, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, Common Rooms, Library, Handicraft Workshops, Art School, spacious Playing Fields, Home Farm and Garden. For Prospectus and full particulars apply:
THE BURSAR, ACKWORTH SCHOOL,
Nr. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.

KESWICK SCHOOL: ENGLISH LAKES. Co-educational. Ages 6–18. Fees £82 (or less).

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–165 per annum.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.
Prospectuses and reliable information forwarded free of charge.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Mansion House 5053.

MENS-SANA, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Health, Studies, Sports. Individ. atten. delicate children (non-tuber.).

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley). Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury - on - Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered, apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BRADLEY, M.A., Camb.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4-18). Altitude, 4,100 feet.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

TRAINING CENTRES

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE (University of London) E.1.—UNIVERSITY COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, AND ENGINEERING (Civil, Mechanical and Electrical). Fees from £22 10s. a year. Residential Halls for Men and for Women Students. Prospectus post free.—J. ELLISON MACARTNEY, Register.

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5. provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings. ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT. *Prospectus on application.* *Frobisher* 3642.

DAVIES'S
5 and 7 Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3215/6
F.O., Consular, Home Civil, I.C.S. Tax Inspector.
1934: 53 Successful Candidates
FINAL 4 WEEKS' COURSE BEGINS MONDAY, JUNE 24TH.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Junior School Methods. Instruction is offered in the theory and practice of progressive education. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the new schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. Preparation for Higher Certificate National Froebel Union. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal, MISS STANSFIELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

MISCELLANEOUS

JUBILEE RAMBLING CLUB Ramble, Maidenhead, Sunday, June 23rd. Train leaves 10.32 Paddington. Meet Departure platform. New members invited.

WALKING companion: man (38) wishes another to join him for holidays: architecture; music. Box 781, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RIDING taught in CENTRAL LONDON. Course of 12 lessons, 3 guineas. Box 796, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FREE BOOKS. Light up your mind. Save your own soul yourself. Hardcastle, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of German. Salary, £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1935.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before July 2nd, 1935.
EDWIN DREW, Registrar.
Singleton Park, Swansea.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE.
APPLICATIONS are invited for the full-time POST of TUTOR-LECTURER (man) in ART in the Training Department. The appointment will date from 1st September, 1935.
The Tutor will be responsible for the organisation and supervision of the professional training in the principles and practice of teaching of students of the Royal College of Art taking the post-Diploma course for intending teachers. This part of the post-Diploma course, hitherto conducted at the Royal College of Art, will, by arrangement with the Board of Education, be undertaken in 1935-36 by Goldsmiths' College.
Candidates must furnish evidence of an adequate Art training and of successful teaching experience. The salary will be fixed after consideration of previous experience, but for a well-qualified man will be not less than £450.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed applications must be sent not later than 8th July.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian. Duties to begin on the 1st August, 1935. Commencing salary £250 per annum. Candidates must have a University Degree and must have had previous experience in a University Library. Preference will be given to a candidate who holds the Diploma of the London School of Librarianship, or who is a Fellow of the Library Association.
Applications, with copies of two testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars can be obtained) not later than July 1st.
The University, C. G. BURTON,
Birmingham 3. Secretary.
June, 1935.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF PADDINGTON

APPOINTMENT OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN (MALE)
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.
The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the appointment of a BRANCH LIBRARIAN (MALE) at the Public Libraries, at a salary of £215 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 per annum to £265 per annum. Candidates must be not less than 24 nor more than 30 years of age, and must be Fellows of the Library Association. Previous Public Library service is essential. The candidate selected will be required to produce a certificate of birth, pass an examination by the Council's Medical Examiner, devote the whole of his time to the duties of his office, and contribute to the Council's Superannuation scheme. Application must be made on the official form, which will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and be delivered here with copies of not more than three recent testimonials not later than the first post on SATURDAY, 6th JULY, 1935.
Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify.
Town Hall, W. F. ABBISS,
Paddington. W.2. Town Clerk.
19th June, 1935.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (women) required at London County Council mental hospitals. Age under 40. Salary £235 a year rising to £310. No emoluments. Pensionable. Marriage terminates contract of service. Experience or training in psychiatric social work essential. Persons appointed will be required to co-operate with the medical staff in investigating the history of mental cases, and in supervising the social welfare of patients. For application form, returnable by 29th June, write to Chief Officer (B), Mental Hospitals Department, Shell-Mex House, Strand, W.C.2. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women of good education for the post of Assistant-in-Charge of the Morecambe Branch of the Lancashire County Library. The salary will be £200, rising by £10 a year to £250. Candidates must possess the Diploma of the School of Librarianship or of the Library Association, and must have had experience in a county or municipal library. Preference may be given to university graduates. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on Saturday, July 13th.

TEACHER, able to cater, cook, type, amuse children, would like to join family on holiday (month from mid-August) for small remuneration. Self-sufficient. Box 794, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED for September a man with high qualifications in mathematics for progressive co-educational boarding-school. Box 793, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING.
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER. 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

PERIODICAL
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 5 1935

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 227 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 949
BRITISH CASH AND GERMAN CREDIT 952
LAND SETTLEMENT. I.—HOW MANY MEN CAN WE SETTLE? By L. F. Easterbrook 953
A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN DIARY. 954
THIS ENGLAND 955
PSYCHOLOGY IN RETREAT. By C. E. M. Joad. . . 956
UP AND UP OR DOWN AND DOWN 957
THE HARDENED BRAT. By Sagittarius 958
CORRESPONDENCE 959
From Leonard Woolf; Ivor Thomas; Cicely M. Craven; Sir Leo Chiozza Money; Esmond Romilly; Michael C. T. Reilly; Sherrick Lansden; Leah Manning and others; "Tallyman."
EPIPHANY OF HARLEM. By Naomi Mitchison. . . 962
PLAYS AND PICTURES 962
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 963
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 964
Warren Hastings. By L. Stuart Sutherland. . . 964
Mr. Maugham. By Raymond Mortimer . . 966
Poverty and Malnutrition. By C. M. Lloyd . 966
The Ubiquitous Nile. By Olga Martin. . . 967
Medical Progress. By Harry Roberts . . . 968
Byzantine Art. By Georges Duthuit . . . 968
The Causes of Religion. By Renée Haynes. . 970
Dickens Married 970
SHORTER NOTICES 972
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 972
CROSSWORD 976
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 978

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WE have been permitted to see Mr. Eden's interviews in Rome through a glass darkly. "Cordial" discussions, of course, took place, and Signor Mussolini was assured that the "Stresa front," though it may look rather shaky, still holds. But what is of immediate concern is not generalities in Europe but particularities in Africa. What exactly did Mussolini say to Eden, and Eden to Mussolini, about Abyssinia? The British suggestions, it is officially stated, were considered unsatisfactory by Italy. There have been insistent reports that she is asking for a protectorate or a mandate in Abyssinia. This is a demand which, if it were attributed to anyone but Mussolini, we should dismiss as incredible. Abyssinia is not a colony; it is a sovereign State, a member of the League of Nations, and its independence has been guaranteed by treaties whose signatories include Italy herself.

Italy and the League

But suppose, as surely we must, that Mussolini fails to get approval for any such outrageous plan, what remains? There is war. Or there is the chance—which he may regard as a good chance—of his badgering Great Britain and France into helping him to extort concessions from Abyssinia—beginning, say, with the construction of an Italian railway across the country from Eritrea in the north to Somaliland in the south. This project was envisaged in an agreement between France, Britain and Italy as long ago as 1906, and in another in 1925 between Britain and Italy. Abyssinia, of course, was consulted about neither of those agreements; she, together with France, protested strongly against the second. It would be a scandal of the first magnitude if any bargain of this sort were now to be struck with Mussolini, and we do not suspect the British Government of intending so open a sabotage of public morals. But can we and the other League Powers simply fold our hands and watch Italy make open war? We are the chief wardens of the Suez Canal, the closing of which to Italian ships would be an effective barrier to this aggression. If the League is forced to decide that sanctions are necessary, our duty is plain. And to let Mussolini know at once that we shall not flinch from it is the best chance of stopping his adventure before it goes any farther.

A German Promise

Germany, the First Lord of the Admiralty tells us, was pledged by her representatives in the recent naval discussions "never again to resort to unrestricted submarine warfare." That will make four of us; the U.S.A., Japan and Great Britain are already fully bound under the London Naval Treaty. France and Italy signed the treaty, but did not ratify it. We welcome the German promise for what it is worth—which is very likely not much.